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SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

A SONG THAT IS MAKING ENGLAND TALK.

THE WHITE PICCANINNIES.

Words and Music by

ARGYLL SAXBY

Moderalo

PIANO

They sing of lit-tle nig-ger boys who laugh the free long day, And watch the
flow'rs blow, And see the corn grow, Their mam-mies sit and croon to them, And
watch them at their play Ah lit-tle black boys, You ne-ver lack joys And



MISS MAY BELFORT

has made a great success with her song of "The White Piccaninnies," and her singing brings tears to every eye as she appeals for the poor little children of England.

(Bazzano.)



In her song, "The White Piccaninnies," Miss May Belfort first tells of the joys of the little black coons and then of the sorrows of poor white children.

(Photo-Bazzano.)

when the day is done It is the best of fun - To skip a-bout be-neath a mil-lar
moon, Till ev'ry cur-ly head is rea-dy for its bed, Then
mam-mies tuck them in and soft-ly croon, God bless ma lit-tle Pic-ca-
nin-ny Sleep till the sun is bright,

The White Piccaninnies

This pretty song, which appeals for England's poor neglected children, is being sung with enormous success by Miss May Belfort. The third page of the music and the full words are on page 15.

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TSAR TO LEAD.

Russia Realises That a Policy of Withdrawal May Be Necessary

BOMB THROWING AT SEOUL.

It is well known that the Tsar has been profoundly moved by the outbreak of hostilities, and the report that he deems it to be his duty to lead his soldiers in the field has been once more revived.

The departure of the Grand Duke Cyril to take an important army command at the seat of war is expected shortly, and it is said he will be followed at an early date by another member of the Imperial family.

Expressed in this, and also by the fact that former rulers of Russia have taken part with their armies in the field, the Tsar is said to be chafing at his present condition of personal impotence. His desire to go forward and inspire enthusiasm among his soldiers is not, however, encouraged by the nobles and military advisers, and the strongest opponent of the project is General Kuropatkin himself.

Apart from all this, the Tsar is reported to be considerably shaken in health, and there is no doubt that his depression has been increased by the trend of events in the Far East.

RUSSIA'S LATEST PLANS.

There is every reason to believe that the Russians anticipate immediate danger in the vicinity of New-chwang, and support is given to this view from the fact that six Japanese cruisers, escorting ten transports, have been sighted from Chifu, steaming in the direction of the Gulf of Liao-tung, which may roughly be described as at the rear of Port Arthur. These transports probably hold Japanese soldiers to be landed at such a point as to command the railway and almost immediately threaten New-chwang, and it is not therefore surprising to hear that the Russians, recognising the impossibility of defending the coast until they have permits of entrenchments before made, and fortifications completed, are prepared to fall back on the main railway which connects Mukden and Harbin.

Yesterday it was semi-officially stated that the Russian plans are:—

1. That General Kuropatkin's headquarters should be at Mukden, where Admiral Alexieff proposes to remain indefinitely, on account of the place being the centre of the Chinese administration of Manchuria.
2. That the almost indefensible plain to the west of Tash-chiao should be held, if possible, for the sake of the railway connecting Mukden with Port Arthur.
3. That the Hsiao-cheng Liao-yang line shall be the extreme limit of withdrawal.

It is added that in view of the exposure of the railway at this point, and the almost certain arrival of the Japanese before the construction of defences, the Russian authorities fully anticipate that Port Arthur will be isolated and besieged.

Officials in St. Petersburg are of opinion that the campaign in Korea will be confined for several weeks yet to mere skirmishes.

BOMB THROWING IN SEOUL.

Strong feelings are entertained by a number of people in Seoul against the Korean Foreign Minister, Yi-Chi-Yong, for having signed the treaty of alliance with Japan, and early on Tuesday morning bombs were thrown into his residence in Seoul. Fortunately for himself the Minister had been "removed" several days ago by the authorities, but considerable damage was done to the house.

The instigators of the outrage are supposed to be a band of men known as "The Pedlars' Guild," and five men were arrested but afterwards released.

THE INEVITABLE SCOTSMAN.

Many people will be prepared to hear that the only Britisher left in Port Arthur is a native of Glasgow, known as Mr. Gilchrist. He is said to have been retained at a high salary as naval constructor, and if it be true that he has saved himself, and repaired several of the damaged Russian warships, it will be admitted that his high emolument has been well earned. His present task is said to be the raising of the Revivian, and it is refreshing to find that he is always abroad, and is treated with great consideration. The report adds: "He has been given a sumptuous cabin—on the side of the ship likely to be struck by the next torpedo."

As the result of instructions received from Peking, the Russian Consul at Shanghai announces that he is prepared to arrange for the dismantling of the Russian gunboat Mandjur.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

His Royal Highness Not So Well Yesterday.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was not quite so well yesterday, but this slight relapse is regarded merely as one of the inevitable fluctuations in a patient of the advanced age of eighty-five.

The Duke was at the accession of the late Queen's heir-presumptive to the Crown. Three years later he was ousted by the arrival of the late Empress Frederick.

He served in the Crimean campaign, and in 1856 was appointed Commander-in-Chief—a position he held until succeeded by Lord Wolsey.

In the days when royal mésalliances were not so common as they now are the Duke married Miss Farcrother, who, as Mrs. Fitzgeorge, enjoyed the friendship of the Dukes of Teck and other royalties, though Queen Victoria never received her at Court. He has two sons, Col. Fitzgeorge and Admiral Adolphus Fitzgeorge.

Gifts to the Russian troops, suggests General Pflug, should comprise cigarettes, tobacco, boots, summer footwear, needles, threads, buttons, paper, envelopes, and soap. He adds that warm clothing will not be required.

THE KING'S HEALTH.

HIS MAJESTY RECEIVES THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

The King's slight indisposition is running an apparently normal course. On inquiry yesterday afternoon it was learned authoritatively that his Majesty was going on very well, but that the cold in the head which prevented him visiting Islington on Thursday was still affecting the patient.

Despite the reassuring statements made on Thursday as to the unimportant nature of the symptoms considerable anxiety in various parts of the country has found vent in telegraphic and other inquiries.

A favourable indication is afforded by the fact that the King is able to receive visitors. On Thursday Earl Roberts visited his Majesty, and yesterday the Russian Ambassador, who had already been in communication with the King since his return from St. Petersburg on Wednesday night, called at the Palace, and was received in audience by his Majesty. Later in the day it was ascertained that his Majesty had developed no unsatisfactory symptoms.

Regarding the visit to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, all the arrangements held good up to yesterday afternoon, and it is still expected that his Majesty may be able to fulfil his engagement.

IRISH MURDER MYSTERY.

Counsel Complains of Prisoner's "Hounding Down."

Pale and anxious-looking, but otherwise self-possessed, the young butcher, Joseph Fee, listened with nervous interest to the evidence given in the trial now proceeding at Monaghan Assizes, in which he is charged with the murder of a young man named John Flanagan, at Clones, in April last.

Witnesses yesterday followed each other on the witness-stand in rapid succession. Some described the altercation in the piling round Fee's manure heap after the fatal day, the 16th April, from a split to a closely boarded one. Others stated that prior to the 16th Fee only bought diseased or maimed cattle. On the 18th April he paid £18 in single Ulster Bank notes for a cow, and told some persons that he was about to open a shop in Clones.

Other evidence was given as to prisoner having more money than usual.

A pair of trousers belonging to the prisoner were produced, and an analyst stated that he found on them bloodstains, the corpuscles of which corresponded to those in human blood.

Was the Stain Blood?

In reply to prisoner's counsel, he admitted that he could not absolutely say that the stain was human blood.

Dr. Henry, of Clones, then described the condition of the body when discovered, stating that there was a hole in the skull and a gaping wound in the windpipe.

Mr. Hill Smith, in opening for the defence, complained that his client had for months been hounded down by rumours, misrepresentations and slanders, including the productions of vile rhymsters. During the last two months also counsel and his solicitor and the witnesses for the defence had been the objects of constant espionage. He would show that Fee was certainly not the murderer of John Flanagan.

In opposition to the theory that Fee murdered Flanagan at one o'clock in the day, dug a grave in the slaughter-house, and buried him at night, counsel would show, he said, that that night Fee went to a friend's house at Clones, had his supper afterwards, and then went to bed in an attic which could only be reached by going through his mother's room, and mother and sister would prove he did not leave the room till six next morning. Evidence in support of these statements was given and the trial again adjourned.

LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

Workmen's Trains a Loss to the Companies.

Yesterday's evidence, before the Traffic Commission, related to the existing railway accommodation in London.

Mr. J. F. S. Gooday, general manager of the Great Eastern Railway, said workmen's trains did not pay. Suburban trains cost 3s. 4d. per mile, while the receipts were 3s. 3d.

Between 7.30 and 8 a.m. the Great Eastern Railway carried about 7,100 passengers from Walthamstow to London on trains with seating accommodation for 7,400. Although there was this excess of accommodation passengers overcrowded the last two trains to the extent of 730. From 6 to 10 a.m. and from 5 to 9 p.m. the company provided 24,000 more seats than there were passengers.

Even in trains where there was sufficient seating accommodation passengers preferred to stand in the portion of the train nearest the exit gates rather than be seated in the other portion.

Sir Henry Oakley said before the "Twopenny Tube" was opened it was estimated that with 636 trains per day and 200 passengers per train, the receipts would be £331,036 per annum. The actual working for 1903 was 44,954,000 passengers, and £249,375 receipts. Compared with 1901 there was an increase of passengers at the rate of nearly four millions a year. In his opinion, to relieve the congestion of the Strand, Piccadilly, etc., the completion of a circular railway without junctions was urgently necessary.

Interesting details are given by a Ying-kow correspondent of the state of affairs at Port Arthur. He says that all the shops are open. The band plays on the boulevard every Sunday. The public sale of alcoholic liquor is forbidden, and any person, either soldier or civilian, found drunk is condemned to a month's hard labour on the forts.

MODERN NERO.

GERMAN PRINCE WHO DELIGHTED IN TORTURING ANIMALS.

For the fourth time Prince d'Arenberg has been brought up for trial at Berlin. This time he appears before a court-martial of the 1st Division of the Guards for the purpose of discovering whether in 1899, when he was convicted of brutality to natives in Africa, he was insane. The Prince was originally sentenced to death, but was finally removed to an asylum.

The court quashed the original sentence, and held that the Prince was not responsible for his actions, as he suffers from hereditary taint.

The decision is likely to cause some sensation. Witnesses deposed that the Prince habitually tortured animals.

Among other things, it was alleged that he would gouge the eyes out of fish which he had caught, rip them up with a knife, and then throw them into the water.

Once he cut out the eyes of a cat, and set a number of dogs to worry the animal.

On another occasion he bit off the tail of a Cape dog. It was also stated that the Prince was cowardly and a great drinker.

The Prince (says Reuter) will probably be placed in a private asylum by his family.

IN SAVAGE AFRICA.

Exciting Adventure in Nigerian Wilds.

A native society under the quaint name of "The Silent Ones" has been raising trouble in Nigeria. Reuter's correspondent has had an interview with Mr. Edward Dennis, who only escaped from his station a few hours before the natives rushed and destroyed the place.

Seeing that matters were becoming critical, he sent word to the District Commissioner at Asaba asking that troops should be sent up. That same afternoon he heard definite news that the "Silent Ones" would rush the place that night, and he decided to get away at once and leave the station to its fate.

"After dark we crept silently into the bush and marched all through the night, never speaking a word, for we knew not how near to us the 'Silent Ones' might be hidden. After an anxious night we reached Asaba next morning, having tramped thirty-six miles.

"News soon came down that I had only left my station a few hours before 'The Silent Ones' reached the village and under cover of darkness rushed the place and looted and destroyed the station buildings. The local chief and the native Christians had fled for their lives, and all their houses were destroyed.

"An advance being made to Akwuku it was found that 'The Silent Ones' had escaped into the bush. A scouting party pursuing them was ambushed by the enemy, who had climbed the trees and fired upon the troops below with their old guns, which were filled with bits of iron and nails."

A Society without Speech.

Eventually the white force managed to get in touch with a strong body of "The Silent Ones," and in the fighting thirty of the enemy and four soldiers were killed.

"The silent ones" register the most solemn oath never to divulge the secrets of their ritual, which is very elaborate, and includes certain barbarous sacrifices, as the members of these clubs never speak, but carry on their work by signs, and always hold their meetings at night. "The Silent Ones" are usually called together by means of a peculiar note on the horn. Mr. Dennis has been working among these people for two years, and is the only European who has lived in this pagan region, although for a portion of this time his sister was also with him.

CHINESE LABOUR.

Archbishop of Canterbury's Disapproving Attitude.

The members of the House of Lords discussed for the space of a couple of hours a motion placed on the paper in the name of Lord Stanmore.

Rising from a seat on the cross-benches the venerable peer asked in what manner it was proposed to carry into effect the introduction of wives and families of Chinese immigrants in the Transvaal, as promised by the Government, and moved for copies of the ordinances with respect to immigrants now in force in the Island of Trinidad.

Coming to the table the youthful Duke of Marlborough, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, assured Lord Stanmore that every facility would be given to enable the Chinese wives to accompany their husbands into the Transvaal.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said he wished it to be understood that he was not prepared to regard all that had occurred or was about to occur in reference to the importation of coloured labour as in all respects satisfactory. The necessity, if real, was, in his opinion, one of the most regrettable that had ever arisen.

Lord Stanmore eventually withdrew his motion, and at a quarter to seven their lordships had taken their departure for the week.

The Commons discussed an Irish Bill in the duldest fashion. In a division the Government only had a majority of 37, but no one cared.

FIRST 10,000 CHINESE.

Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, states that with regard to the importation of Chinese labour into the Transvaal it is proposed as a first experiment that about 10,000 Chinese labourers shall, if they can be obtained, be engaged for service in the Witwatersrand mines. If this succeeds and other native labourers cannot be secured further Chinese labourers will probably be introduced.

TO-DAY'S ELECTIONS.

Every Londoner Must Read This and Then Go and Vote.

ISSUES BRIEFLY STATED.

"If the Progressives are again returned, municipal bankruptcy stares Londoners in the face." Thus every would-be Conservative County Councillor seeking election at the ratepayers' hands today.

"Upon the return of the Progressives," we read, "the health of the people, the wealth of the people, and the pleasure of the people depend." Then comes the counter-cry: "The Progressives are a visionary body, and lunatics, who regard London as Utopia."

Costly Tramway Failure.

"Progressives have acquired eighty-eight out of 115 miles of tramways for you. Ratepayers, you own your own tramways." The Moderate reply to this Progressive boast is: "Yes, at a cost of £1,500,000, and a deficit on last year's working of £2,250. The conduit system of electric traction is a costly failure."

"We gave you halfpenny fares—penny fares are the lowest on leased lines," is a favourite argument. Then comes the retort: "We would lease the lines. Leased lines are profitable to the ratepayers. Last year they contributed the deficiency of £2,250 which the Council made on its acquired lines."

The Moderates say that the Progressives have consistently ignored the warnings of the Council's engineers since 1890 in respect of the requirements of the normal yearly growth of 25,000 new houses in London.

Thames a Sewer.

This charge the Progressives deny, pointing out that when the L.C.C. came into being the Thames was a reeking sewer. Three millions sterling have been spent in constructing sewers which effectively deal with flooding. The question of flooding, may be pointed out, has been the principal worry of the Moderates during the present campaign.

Their next best move to soften voters' hearts in their favour is the fact that tramway rails were made in Belgium to the Progressives' order. Mr. J. W. Benn says that "the Council had a right to purchase in the cheapest market because it saves the ratepayers' money."

Work Means Wages.

"Bosh," reply the Moderates. "If the work had been done at home £50,000 of the contract would have represented wages, and would have employed 670 men at 30s. per week, representing families amounting to over three thousand persons. These persons had to seek Poor Law relief as a consequence."

"We have housed 93,000 poor people, who hitherto lived in slums, in healthy sanitary homes," exclaims the Progressive, with pardonable pride. "Oh," returns the Moderate, with a sort of impatience, "let us take your own return. These tell us that in London County Council dwellings no really poor people are to be found. Instead, the list includes doctors, lay readers, curates, municipal engineers, letter sorters, journalists, typists, authors, artists, and people who proudly state that they are of 'no occupation.'"

These are the "working classes" the London County Council cater for.

Municipal Steamboats.

If returned to power the Progressives will attempt to bring about the taxation of ground values, so that the landlord whose property is increased in value by the prosperity of the neighbourhood shall pay his fair share of the rates. They will also endeavour to secure municipal Thames steamboats, more tramways and workmen's dwellings, and unsectarian education.

At the election of 1895 the state of parties was equal. At present the position of parties is:—

	Prog.	Mod.
Elected members	85	33
Aldermen	14	5

The net debt of the L.C.C. is £28,699,824. The increase in London's rates during the fifteen years of the L.C.C.'s existence has been twenty-eight per cent.

As a result Moderates charge Progressives with "squandering millions with reckless extravagance. And the Progressives reply "Our great expenditure is more than justified." "Progress is a millenarism," comes the final shout. "London must have retrenchment."

NEW AMBASSADOR.

Hon. Charles Hardinge To Represent Us at St. Petersburg.

The King has approved the selection of the Hon. Charles Hardinge, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to succeed Sir Charles Scott, his Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg on the latter's retirement from the Diplomatic service at the end of April.

Sir Eldon Gorst, at present Financial Adviser to the Khedive of Egypt, will replace Mr. Hardinge at the Foreign Office.

Mr. Hardinge is a brother of the present Viscount Hardinge, and is the second heir to the title. His Excellency married in 1890 the Hon. Winifred Sturt, sister of the present Lord Alington, and a bedchamber-woman to Queen Victoria.

LINK WITH THE NAVAL PAST.

News has been received of the death at Cairo of Admiral Sir Robert H. Mores-Molyneux. Sir Robert entered the Navy in 1852, and served as a midshipman in the Sanspareil during the Crimean War, and took part in the bombardment of Odessa and the attack on Sebastopol.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Keen, easterly winds; continuing cloudy and cold, with occasional sleet or snow.

Lighting-up time: 6.46 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate in the English Channel and Irish Channel, but rough in the North Sea.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

His Majesty the King is recovering from his slight indisposition. Sir Francis Laking paid a visit to Buckingham Palace, and in the afternoon it was officially stated that the King's progress was uninterrupted.—(Page 2.)

News from the Far East is again scarce. The Tsar is reported to be anxious to proceed to the seat of war and lead his troops in person. It is expected that the Japanese fleet will, by its presence in the Gulf of Liao-tung, cover the landing of troops in the Peninsula. Bombs have been thrown into the residence of the Korean Foreign Minister at Seoul.—(Page 2.)

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was not so well yesterday, but it was stated that the relapse was only of slight character.—(Page 2.)

Most of the afternoon sitting of the Commons was devoted to the consideration of the Town Tenants (Ireland) Bill, the second reading of which was negatived by thirty-seven.—(Page 2.)

Lord Stanmore in the Upper Chamber brought forward the question of Chinese labour in the Transvaal, a statement on the subject being afterwards made by the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.—(Page 2.)

Convinced of the necessity for limiting speeches in Parliament, Sir F. C. Rasch has called a meeting to be held at the House next week, to discuss the subject.—(Page 5.)

Somaliand has a new Mullah, who is instituting a fresh revolt and raiding neighbouring tribes. He is believed to have a certain number of rifles.—(Page 2.)

To-morrow is the centenary of the Bible Society, and the King and Queen, in the event of his Majesty's indisposition permitting, will attend a special service at St. Paul's. A specially illustrated article deals with the society's remarkable work.—(Page 11.)

Further evidence was given at Monaghan yesterday in the remarkable Irish "Moat murder," in respect of which a man named Joseph Fee stands accused.—(Page 2.)

Today the L.C.C. election takes place. Some facts about the situation and the issues before the electors are contained in an article appearing in this issue.—(Page 2.)

On the resumed hearing, in the Divorce Court, of the suit Smith v. Smith and Asher, the respondent was called, and denied having written the alleged confession. The case was not concluded when the Court adjourned.—(Page 6.)

For brawling in St. Paul's Cathedral Mr. J. A. Kenait, principal of the Wycliffe preachers, was yesterday ordered by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House Police Court to pay a fine of £5.—(Page 6.)

In the action brought for breach of promise by Miss E. J. Owen against a bandsman in the Guards named Taylor, the jury found for the plaintiff, damages £25.—(Page 6.)

Life in Ceylon forms the subject of the new musical play, "The Cingalee," to be produced by Mr. George Edwards at Daly's Theatre this evening.—(Page 13.)

Mr. A. A. Collins, residing in chambers at Dames-inn House, Strand, was yesterday found suffering from injuries caused by a revolver. His condition is serious.—(Page 6.)

A shorthand writer named Johnson was re-arrested at Westminster Police Court, charged with obtaining £25 by false pretences from Lord Ludlow, who is one of the candidates in the L.C.C. election.—(Page 6.)

A youthful Berlin baroness has committed suicide by hanging together with a groom, with whom she was in love.—(Page 8.)

Few recently-written songs are likely to be more favourably received by the public than "White Pigeonies," the composition of which appears in this issue.—(Pages 1 and 15.)

Some character sketches of the Tottenham Hotspur football team, who meet Sheffield Wednesday in a F.A. Cup-tie at Tottenham this afternoon, appear in this issue. Prospects of the teams engaged are also discussed.—(Page 14.)

Marked success attended the Military Meeting at Sandown Park yesterday. The racing was of an interesting character.—(Page 14.)

Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, who commanded the allied forces in China three years ago, is seriously ill.—(Page 8.)

There is no improvement in the condition of Mr. Mead, the Thames Police Court magistrate, whose state of health now occasions great anxiety to his friends.—(Page 6.)

Mr. Richard Mansell, in recognition of his many years' work for the stage, was yesterday given a roush at the Adelphi.—(Page 5.)

Stock markets were again quiet. Consols began well, but closed weak, and both Home and American Rails were devoid of interest.—(Page 13.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Princess Christian cuts the cake. Bible Society's Children's Meeting at Albert Hall, 3.30.
The Royal Amateur Society opens the Annual Exhibition of Amateurs at Grosvenor House, 12.30.
London County Council Elections: Polling.
Dinner, Hotel Cecil, 7.0.
Working Men's College, Concert, 8.30.
Masses of the Tenthredine Heirlooms, at Messrs. Christie's.
The Women of Bath, at the Annual Dinner of the Ladies' Club, at the Grosvenor Restaurant.
Racing: Sandown Park.
Athletics: At Oxford, Oriel College, 120 yards handicap.

CHILD HEROES—SIX DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT.



While on her way from London to the Mediterranean the steamship Cygnet was destroyed by fire, and the five passengers, Major Little, his wife, and their three children, were placed in the lifeboat with four of the crew. In the six days' suffering which followed before they were rescued the small children behaved like heroes.

UNANSWERED FIRE BELL.

Alarming possibilities are suggested by the news that the Fire Brigade of Ulverston has resigned in a body.

What is there to prevent a similar occurrence in London? The metropolis would be in dire straits if our gallant firemen were seized with a common wish to withdraw from their hazardous occupation. The strange situations which occur from time to time in America give some inkling of the possibilities.

It was only last year that all the elevator men in Chicago went on strike. What this means in a city where a large percentage of the business is done in buildings averaging eighteen storeys high can be easily imagined, and its terrors were added to by the fact that the buildings were left in complete darkness, owing to a sympathetic strike on the part of the men controlling the electric light.

Londoners can be thankful that they are saved from such situations as these. Suppose, for instance, that last year a strike of street sweepers had occurred. London by now would have been half buried in mud.

HIS MAJESTY'S CHAMPAGNE.

Explanation Wanted from the "Gentleman of the Cellars."

We stated yesterday upon good authority that the withdrawal of the King's custom from Messrs. Moët and Chandon had no connection with the fact that Mr. Kingscote, his Majesty's "Gentleman of the Cellars," had ceased to be a member of that firm. We were assured with equal confidence that Mr. Kingscote's joining the firm of Mumm would have no effect upon his Majesty's wine list.

We are asked, however, by Messrs. Simon Brothers and Co., who have a monopoly of the Moët and Chandon brand of champagne, to state that "the royal warrant was not withdrawn from Messrs. Moët and Chandon until Mr. Kingscote had received an intimation that his services would not be required after the expiration of his then existing partnership with us."

There the matter must rest until Mr. Kingscote tells his story.

BARGAIN MANIA.

Pre-Inventory Sales! Post-Inventory Sales! Annual Linen Sales! Removing Sales!

In fact, sales of all kinds and descriptions are in full swing in London at present.

Do women really use the things they buy at sales? Not at all. Many women have the miserly instinct, and guard their stores of bargains with jealous eyes.

Instances of how strong the hoarding of bargains habit is are numerous.

A housewife whose passion for linens was well-known died recently and after her death dozens of fine linen sheets were found in her store room, many yellow with age. Each one of the finer sheets was carefully wrapped in old muslin. Another woman who died recently bequeathed to a niece a collection of towels. There were towels of every size and style.

A West End shoe retailer yesterday informed a Daily Illustrated Mirror representative that sweeping reductions in footwear call forth a perfect mob of thrifty mothers who stock the entire family, irrespective of colour or style.

OFFICERS AND 'GENTLEMEN.'

A Book Which the German Government Has Suppressed.

"Life in a Garrison Town." The military novel suppressed by the German Government. By Lieutenant Bilse. (Lanc. 6s.)

Lieutenant Bilse is still an inmate of a prison cell at Metz. There he is undergoing "six months" for having told the truth about life among the officers of the German army in a small frontier town.

The novel which he wrote with this purpose was published in Germany last year, and so ruthless was its exposure of the "debauchery and tyranny" which Lieutenant Bilse saw around him in the barrack-life at Forbach, where he was stationed, that he was court-martialed, expelled from the German army and imprisoned. The matter was then brought before the German Parliament, before which the Minister of War "regretfully admitted the truth of almost all its statements." The result was that, according to the policy prevailing in Germany, the novel was suppressed.

As a natural consequence it has created an enormous sensation throughout all Europe, and has now been translated into English, with an introduction by Mr. Arnold White, who says "the English equivalent to this novel, is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the Royal Commission on the War?"

As a matter of fact it does not remind one half so much of those "chronicles" as it does of our own Rudyard's "Plain Tales from the Hills." It is Kipling unsweetened, with less art and considerably more frankness; but it is Kipling still—and one may say with perfect truth that nine out of ten of Lieutenant Bilse's pages are taken up with the fact that officers in dull little frontier towns have no other amusement than to flirt with one another's wives. Drink generally comes first—debt after.

What Honour Means in Germany.

For instance, in the little garrison town which Lieutenant Bilse pictures no fewer than three of the officers' wives are unfaithful to their husbands. The first—an elderly matron, wife of the major—flirted with the colonel, and had him completely under her thumb.

Then there were two other "gilly women laden with sins" upon the premises. One of them flirted with two junior officers in turn. The first was a decent fellow, who got tired of her. Finally she ran away with the worst rake in the garrison to London, where he murdered her and committed suicide in a garret.

The other frail lady of the regiment was the subject of a duel, in which her husband was shot. Her lover, instead of being disgraced, "grew to be the hero of the hour."

Such is Lieutenant Bilse's exposure of the moral tone of the German army, compared with which our own "ragging" scandals seem, indeed, healthy



LIEUTENANT BILSE.

the German officer who wrote a novel which showed up German military life, is still in prison for his rashness, though the German Minister of War has admitted that the book is true. It has now been translated into English.

enough. The question of officers' debts, however, is not one upon which we can afford to be inattentive. The temptations to run into debt for an officer in the German army are, Lieutenant Bilse shows, enormous. "The money is not needed at once; his uniform helps him to unlimited credit. But the misery begins when the time for repayment comes. Unless a guardian angel in the shape of a Jew or money-lender rescues him, he is done for." Drink is apparently another crying vice, but only, as one might say, an accompaniment to gambling and immorality.

During the Army debate at the German Reichstag yesterday, a bitter Socialist attack was made on the Army.

Complaint was made that criticism was stifled, and officers not on the active list were now precluded from writing on military matters by a recent Cabinet order.

Reference was made to recent novels on military life, which were declared to be true,

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Though still confined to his house, the Duke of Devonshire continues to make good progress towards recovery.

According to a Reuter telegram there has been a fierce fight between the Uruguay Government troops and the rebels. The vanguard of General Muniz, after six hours' fighting, defeated the

regards certain points of the Memorandum, notably those relating to the supervision to be exercised by foreign officers.

A Bill has been passed by the Italian Chamber for the admission of women into the legal profession. The result of the voting—115 against 95—was a great surprise, as in reality the measure had

with a view to the establishment of a stable Government.

His Majesty's war sloop *Daphne*, built at Sheerness Dockyard in 1888, at a cost of £56,488, is to be sold by auction.

What is described as the most violent earthquake experienced there for thirty years occurred at Lima yesterday, great damage being done.

Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, has accepted the offer of the city freedom of Edinburgh, and has suggested March 21 as a day suitable for the ceremony.

Durham County Council elections have resulted in the return of fifty-two progressives, opposed to the Education Act, against seventeen supporters of the measure.

H.M. new armoured cruiser *Lancaster* arrived at Sheerness yesterday afternoon on delivery from the contractors as completed for commission. She has cost £275,000.

According to German statistics there are 35,900,000 cows spread over nine European countries. The annual butter production is 1,475,000 tons.

The "Gaulois" (Paris) contains the following interesting statement: "The Russian Bear has put out his hand to the Gallic Cock. Is the Gallic Cock going to remain with his arms folded?"

Extensive forest fires have occurred in Oklahoma and Kansas, U.S.A. A tract 75,000 acres in extent has been devastated. Hundreds of people have been driven from their homes, and ten deaths are reported.

Pleading that he disliked its appearance, and that it prevented his wife earning anything, a young workman of Oberberg, near Monmouth, Austria, threw his ten-months-old child into the Danube.

American fire underwriters will advance the rates for congested districts in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, this action being considered necessary on account of the losses sustained in the Baltimore fire and elsewhere.

Wales has a close competitor in the State of Victoria in the matter of hard names. In that State there are townships named Buckramanah, Boomanvannah, Pirronyalook, Wonwonalah, Jeeralong, Boorhamana, Baikmagauh, and Vooramadda.

Writing in the "Figaro," Admiral Ravel (says Reuter) suggests that, in consequence of reductions in personnel made by Mr. Peleian, it was on several occasions impossible to provide ships being put in their commission with their proper complement.

Wireless telegraphy communication will be placed at the disposition of the public by the State in Belgium on March 15. The price for messages between shore stations and State mail steamers running to Belgium has been fixed at two pence per word, in addition to the ordinary price of land telegrams.

WHAT THE ROYAL PALACES COST.

Official estimates place the cost to the country of the royal palaces for the coming year at £61,300. New wine cellars at St. James's Palace are to be constructed at a cost of £1,000. The royal parks will absorb £104,100.

SYBIL WHO LIVED IN A TENT.

Blackpool will know Sarah Boswell, the "Gipsy Queen," no more. After living there seventy-seven years, she has just died in her tent at the age of ninety-nine.

Mrs. Boswell told fortunes to thousands of Blackpool visitors, and was famous all over the north of England. She never lived in a house.

TOMB IN THE SILENT NORTH.

André, the Polar explorer, of whom nothing has been heard for years, has been officially declared dead by the legal authorities in Stockholm.

It was on July 11, 1897, that S. A. André, with his companions, Strindberg and Frankel, left Spitzbergen in a balloon bound for the North Pole.

Since that date there has been no reliable news of their fate.

RACE UP MONT BLANC ON SKI.



Mr. Rickmer, an Englishman, is taking part in a unique contest to-day. He is to race a well-known Norwegian "skier" to the summit of Mont Blanc and back for £200.

troops of General Saravia. The latter's troops fled, abandoning many killed and wounded. More than fifty wounded men have already been picked up by countrymen.

The Porte has replied (says Reuter) to the Memorandum regarding the re-organisation of the gendarmerie in Macedonia presented by the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Embassies on the 29th ult. It is understood that the reply is unfavourable as

only one partisan, Signor Socci. There is thought to be very little chance of the Bill being ratified by the Senate.

Mr. Hugh Ross, a magistrate residing at The Glebe, Kooky, near Longford, has accidentally shot himself while firing at crows.

Admiral Dewey is about to sail to investigate the state of affairs at Santo Domingo. This doubtless foreshadows action on the part of the United States

POLICEMAN COMMANDEERS A MOTOR CAR AND CATCHES HIS MAN.



A man who was wanted by the police at Chiswick drove away in a trap before he could be arrested, but a resourceful policeman hailed a passing motor and gave chase. After a race of about a mile the constable caught his man.

BOMBS THROWN IN SEOUL BY ANTI-JAPANESE PARTY.



Civilisation is evidently making headway in Korea, for the native party opposed to the Japanese-Korean alliance has signified its disapproval by throwing bombs at the residence of the Foreign Minister and his secretary. Five "pedlars" (members of a political society) were arrested on suspicion, but afterwards released. The opposition to the alliance is not extensive and of little real importance.

LONG-WINDED LEGISLATORS.

Proposal to Limit Speeches in Parliament to 20 Minutes.

Once more Sir F. C. Rasch intends to make an effort to get a time-limit fixed for speeches in Parliament. He has called a meeting at the House of Commons next week to discuss the subject, and will probably propose a resolution before the session is much older.

It has been a pet subject with the member for Mid-Exeter for many years. In 1897 he asked the House to agree that the duration of speeches "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated," to twenty-four. In 1900 he tried to go a step further, and moved that no speaker should occupy more than twenty minutes unless he was of Ministerial rank or obtained special leave from the House to exceed that limit. This was defeated by 137 to thirty-one.

In the following session (1901) Sir Joseph Dimsdale, who, as Lord Mayor, had suffered terribly with long speeches, moved a similar resolution. On this occasion a bold spirit proposed to treat Ministers in the same way as private members, but the whole scheme was rejected by 117 to eighty-three.

The nuisance has been felt ever since 1833, when limitation was first proposed. But in earlier years than Sir F. C. Rasch, as he then was, for his secondor, among others, who thought even then that the reputation of the House as a business assembly suffered from the long-windedness of most of its members.

(A cartoon on this subject will be found on page 7.)

FOOTBALL SERMON.

Tottenham Hotspur Match as a Clergyman's Text.

The Rev. Wilson Carille, Vicar of St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, believes in up-to-date methods. "If you find," he explained to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, "that ordinary methods do not appeal to people, you must try extraordinary ones. Now my methods are 'extraordinary'—irreverent, some say. Oh! I am a very dreadful person, I assure you.

"It is my Sunday evening service that some people cavil at. It is short, bright, and musical. My mixed choir is excellent, and I put the women in surplices and mortar-boards to add to the general brightness. Then there is an orchestra in which I myself play the trombone. Lantern slides are used freely, and all the prayers and hymns are thrown on a screen. Sometimes we have the cinematograph."

On Sunday evening Mr. Carille will preach on to-day's great match between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday. "I can't tell on what lines exactly," he explained, "till I've seen the match, but there is, of course, one obvious illustration.

"We—you and I—are trying to get goals—on the side of Right. On the other side is an exceedingly objectionable gentleman who is trying to prevent us. We must beat him.

"Last Sunday I preached on the 'Bottling-up of Port Arthur.' I took a bottle and a cork into the pulpit, and with this practical illustration I was able, in a few words, to drive home some very useful lessons."

TEA-SHOP FASHIONS.

Lyons's Girls Passive Resisters to Coiffeur Edict.

Neither fashions, nor the sorrowing faces of the maidens in their employ, receive any consideration from the directors of Lyons's tea-shops.

It is almost a week ago now since the fiat was issued from Cadby Hall that every girl employed in the Lyons's tea-shops should wear her hair dressed on the crown of the head.

This news will explain everything to the many customers of these establishments who have wondered and speculated at the gloom and despondency which have for days past overcast the usually smiling faces of the Lyons's maidens.

"You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," remarked one of the distressed maidens to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday. "The prevailing style is to wear the hair dressed at the back of the neck, and I don't think anyone has any right to tell us how we should wear our hair."

"Dressing the hair on the top of the head gives the girls a neater appearance," said one of the superintendents. "The fashion of dressing the hair on the back of the neck is very charming if it is properly done, but it is apt, if carelessly done, to give a girl a slovenly appearance."

"It's a stupid idea," said one strong-minded girl. "I suppose the directors expect to use us to attract men to the shops, but I think most men go into a tea-shop to get something to eat and not to criticise a girl's hair. I don't care how I do my hair so long as it's tidy. I'll wear a chignon if it will make anyone feel better."

But few of the girls agree with this last sentiment.

FATHER OF OPERA BOUFFE.

A Bumper Matinee is Given to Mr. Richard Mansell.

Only recently the death of Mr. E. Marshall, one of the original gendarmes whose singing of the famous "We'll run 'em in" duet in "Genevieve de Brabant" drew the whole town to Islington thirty-three years ago, has reminded us how few of the "old stagers" of the 'sixties are left to us.

Yesterday, however, a huge and brilliant matinee at the Adelphi gave us assurance that at least one "arrested old man" of the stage is still hale and hearty, namely, Mr. Richard Mansell, who is well described as "the father of comic opera in England."

None the less, veteran though he is, Mr. Mansell's is a familiar figure even to quite recent playgoers, his able management having done a considerable deal to promote the success of the Coronet Theatre, at Notting Hill. Nearly every evening during the past few years his silver locks, cheery countenance, and generally leonine personality—the whole surmounted by a picturesque, broad-brimmed, fly-away hat—was "a presence not to be put by" in that pretty and popular little playhouse.

As might have been expected, yesterday's matinee kept up the bright traditions with which Mr. Mansell is associated. The whole theatrical world seemed anxious to contribute of its best, from Mr. Odell, the doyen of the English stage, who played in a little scene called "The Revenge," to such clever members of the younger generation as Miss Marie Dainton and Mr. Farren Sotars, each of whom acted "fourteen characters in fourteen minutes" in the course of their little pantomimic skit called "Cinderella."

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD.

The Grenadier Has to Pay His Former Sweetheart £25 Damages.

Twenty-five pounds damages is all that remains to Miss Edith Julia Owen of her erstwhile beloved grenadier. Twenty-five pounds is the sum that yesterday the jury that has been trying the breach of promise case, Owen v. Taylor, directed Bandsman Taylor, clarionist in the Guards, to pay.

Before the above verdict was recorded, Mr. Taylor gave his own version of the sad events that put an end to his engagement with the pretty little brunette who won his heart while she sold programmes in the Balham Theatre dress-circle, and Mr. Taylor himself was performing on his favourite instrument in the orchestra.

At the beginning of the day there was some doubt whether Mr. Taylor would be allowed to give evidence. Legal procedure is largely dictated by precedent, and the immortal obiter dictum of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, in that famous breach of promise case, *Bardell v. Pickwick*, seemed to stand in Mr. Taylor's way. Mr. Justice Stareleigh gave it as his opinion that "what the soldier said is not evidence," and thereby bound posterity in the ordinary course.

Precedent against Precedent.

As, however, Mr. Justice Phillimore on Thursday allowed Miss Edith Owen to depose to what her soldier said, there was precedent against precedent.

Another view taken by gentlemen in court learned in the law was that there is no real antagonism between the precedents. The law of evidence is that anything said in the presence of both parties to the action is admissible. Sam Weller's soldier was, therefore, only barred because his remark was not made in the presence of Mr. Bardell and Mr. Pickwick.

Accordingly Mr. Taylor was allowed to have his say.

It cannot be held that what he had to impart was very complimentary to his sweetheart.

For instance, when, at her request, after a coolness had sprung up between them, he met her at New Brompton Railway Station, she refused to make any reply to his cheerful "Good evening." They spent some time in a railway carriage together, and she never spoke a word. Eventually she declined to ask him why he had not been to see her.

Mr. Taylor replied that he had been too busy performing on the clarinet, and then, he declared, Miss Owens said, "You are a liar."

Mr. Sanderson, K.C.: Do you mean to say that she refused to speak to you after she had come all that way on purpose to see you?

Mr. Justice Phillimore: I can quite understand that she wished to humble him, and make him explain first.

Mr. Sanderson (at once accepting the learned Judge's view): Your lordship has had far greater experience of human nature than I have. (Deferential laughter.)

No Carriages and No Bridesmaids.

But what Mr. Taylor went on to assert Miss Owen said on the subject of a possible wedding was even more brusque. He had humbly suggested to her that, owing to his modest means, carriages and bridesmaids at the wedding would be inadvisable. Miss Owen then made the following embarrassing statement in reply: "My cousin had a flash wedding and I am going to have one. If I can't have bridesmaids and carriages you can go to the devil."

Mr. Taylor, continuing his story, proceeded to convey the impression to the jury that he considered Miss Owen's brusqueness to be hereditary. He alleged brusqueness against Mr. Owen also on a certain occasion in the Green Park.

At the end of the band performance Mr. Owen tapped him on the back, and said, "What have you been doing to my daughter, you d—d scoundrel?"

A Point of Honour.

At this point Mr. Eldridge said there was a point he wished to clear up. It was not true, as had been stated, that Mr. Taylor ran away from Mr. Owen. Counsel did not wish it to be said that a grocer had routed the British Grenadiers.

Mr. Taylor smilingly denied the retreat in accordance with the wishes of his counsel.

Returning to the subject of Miss Owen's brusqueness, he mentioned that after the Green Park incident he refused to visit the grocer's shop, not wishing to again join issue with the grocer. But, as an alternative, he suggested that Miss Owen should see him at his brother's. This Miss Owen declined to do on the ground that his brother was "no man" and had been rude to her.

Mr. Justice Phillimore (repeating the evidence): "His brother was an old man and had been rude to her."

Counsel: "No, my lord—"no man," not "old man." (Subdued laughter.)

Many tragedies go on before our eyes without our noticing them. For instance, what spectator who witnessed the trooping of the colour last spring could imagine that rehearsals of the ceremony had prevented the Grenadier who played the clarinet so effectively, Mr. Taylor, from writing to his sweetheart, and were destined to be indirectly responsible for a breach of promise action? Yet it was the rehearsals that gave Mr. Taylor no time to write, he averred.

After Mr. Owen and Miss Owen had been recalled to deny the family brusqueness the verdict of £25 damages was returned.

NUMBER WANTED.

Here at any rate is a curious commentary on the clearness of the numbers on motor-cars.

A dark motor-car, containing three men in white peaked caps, recently ran over a dog between South Mimms and Barnet. The dog is dead. Its owner and the Barnet police are now advertising for—not the owners of the motor, but for the number of the car.

JUSTICE WITH MERCY.

Mr. Mead, of the Thames Police Court, Seriously Ill.

One day last week the senior magistrate at the Thames Police Court, while on the bench, became unwell, and since then his condition has been the cause of much anxiety to his friends.

In Mr. Mead the legal faculty may be said to be hereditary. Son and grandson of a solicitor, he was born in Chelsea in 1847, and all his life has been surrounded with a legal atmosphere. Even by his marriage, which took place in 1878, Mr. Mead was, so to speak, further connected with the law, for his wife was a sister of Sir Harry Bodkin Poland, the famous Treasury counsel.

Educated at King's College, London, he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1869. He acquired an extensive and peculiar knowledge of the metropolitan criminal classes as counsel for the Treasury at the Middlesex Sessions from 1879

MATRIMONY'S SCHOOL.

Two "Wretched Pupils" Receive Advice From Mr. Plowden.

Mr. Plowden, after listening to a story of matrimonial differences at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, delivered to the young couple before him a brief homily on the value of such quarrels.

The wife had summoned her husband, Alfred Ernest Beckensall, a young man twenty-one years of age, living at St. John's Wood, for persistent cruelty and neglecting to maintain her. She complained that he had knocked her down, smacked her face, and frightened her to such an extent that she had left him and gone to her parents' house. The husband, on his part, denied that he had done more than smack her face on one occasion.

The two had been married hardly more than nine months, and Mr. Plowden, in the admonitory

LONDON MAGISTRATE SERIOUSLY ILL.



Mr. Mead, the senior magistrate at the Thames Police Court, was taken suddenly ill while on the Bench last week. His condition is causing serious anxiety to his friends.

to 1886. He became junior counsel for the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court in 1886, a position which he resigned on being appointed a metropolitan magistrate.

He was transferred from Wandsworth to the Thames Police Court in 1890, where he deals not over harshly with his rough clientele. From the time when the "Thames" was originally established at Wapping its work has grown enormously, till it has now the largest annual turnover of petty offences among all the London police-courts, and Mr. Mead has, when in an expeditious mood, made a record by disposing of no fewer than seventy-five cases under the two hours.

In his demeanour Mr. Mead is exceedingly serious; he never jokes himself in court, and objects to anybody else doing so. In private life, however, he is a most entertaining companion.

One of his Old Bailey triumphs was his defence of Hannah Dobbs, who was charged with having murdered an old lady named Matilda Hacker, at Euston-square.

COTTON ON A DEAD MAN'S DOOR.

Mr. John Troutbeck, the coroner, held an inquest yesterday on the body of John Sheehan—known to his neighbours as Smith—who was found dead in his flat at 41, Fairlight-road, Lower Tooting, last Tuesday.

Sheehan had lived the life of a recluse. The agent responsible for collecting the rent had been unable to get any answer to his knocks, and on Monday he fastened a piece of cotton across Sheehan's doorway to discover whether anybody entered. Finding the cotton still there on Tuesday he caused investigations to be made, with the result that Sheehan was found dead in bed.

Death was shown to be due to heart failure.

TRANSACTIONS WITH A MARQUIS.

Charged with fraudulently converting to his own use £75 entrusted to him by the Marquis of Huntly, Mr. Cecil A. Lumley, solicitor, of Great Portland-street, W., was yesterday again remanded on bail at Marlborough-street.

The Marquis stated that he was introduced to Mr. Lumley with the object of raising a loan, and he gave him two cheques for £75 each to pay law costs. When asked to return the cheques, Mr. Lumley said he had cashed one of them, and had been obliged to use the money for himself because he was in danger of being arrested.

[Messrs. Lumley and Lumley, solicitors, of 37, Conduit-street, wish to point out that the defendant in the above case has no connection with their firm.]

remarks which he addressed to them, said they were a foolish young couple, who had rushed into matrimony without knowing what it meant or what were its responsibilities. He should not dream of separating them, though it was clear the husband had played the part of a contemptible tyrant.

It was their duty to try and understand each other and not to throw up the sponge because they quarrelled and lost their tempers now and again. They had to understand, as everyone did, that quarrels were good in their way in married life, as they cleared the air, prevented monotony, and taught husband and wife to understand each other.

Some learned the lesson quickly, some slowly, but the defendant and his wife were wretched pupils in the school. He should send the wife back to her husband for him to treat and keep her properly. The idea of separating two children when they had only tried matrimony for a few months was absurd.

ACT REDUCED TO A FARCE.

Commenting on the fact that two women before him on charges of drunkenness had been released on licence from inebriate homes to which they had been sent, Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, remarked yesterday that the action of those who had the administration of the homes reduced the Act of Parliament passed to deal with habitual drunkards to a farce.

A magistrate, knowing the career of a prisoner, deemed it desirable to keep him or her from strong drink for three years, and the officials of the homes practically nullified the effort at reform by setting them free when less than half of the sentence had expired.

SHOT IN DANES-INN.

Revolver shots heard at Danes-Inn House, Strand, yesterday, resulted in a startling discovery being made.

Mr. A. A. Collins, who for the past two months has occupied chambers there, was taken up in the lift by the attendant, to whom he said: "When my brother and Mr. Few come for me show them up." Shortly afterwards two or three reports rang through the building, and almost at the same time Mr. Collins's brother and the friend arrived. Going to the room, Mr. Collins was found suffering from a serious injury in the side, and on the floor lay a revolver. No time was lost in removing him to hospital, where it was found his condition was somewhat critical.

MR. KENSIT'S PROGRESS.

Fined for Brawling at St. Paul's, He is Carried Shoulder-High down Cheapside.

Having assumed the mantle worn by his father, Mr. John Alfred Kensit, principal of the Wycliffe preachers, has been called upon to answer for the consequences. For brawling in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday last during an ordination service he was fined £5 by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House Court yesterday.

Mr. Mathews explained the circumstances of the case, informing the Court that, at the point in the service where any person holding that they knew of cause to prevent the ordination of the priests were called on to object, Mr. Kensit stepped forward and read a long protest accusing the candidates of alleged practices contrary to the law of the Church. Although warned by the Bishop of London, he persisted in his protest, and was supported by other persons. The objection was not valid, Mr. Mathews contended, as the practices complained of did not constitute a notable crime or impediment.

Chapter Bears no Ill-feeling.

The Dean and Chapter bore not the slightest ill-feeling towards Mr. Kensit. All they desired was to secure for the future that there should be good order in the Cathedral at such services on Sunday mornings. If Mr. Kensit would give up undertaking that, pending a decision of the court, "impediment" by some proper legal authority, such disturbances would not be continued the matter would not be proceeded with further.

Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., who appeared for the defence, said it was impossible that he could give such an undertaking. This remark was greeted with loud applause in the court, whereupon the Lord Mayor declared he would have the court cleared if there was any further demonstration of the kind.

In giving his decision the Lord Mayor said he did not think that Mr. Kensit was justified in what he did. There were other means by which he might have taken action if he had wished instead of going to the Church.

The defendant asked what was the alternative of the fine of £5 was not paid.

The Lord Mayor: Distress, or one day in default. On the application of Mr. Avory, the Lord Mayor agreed to give facilities for a discussion on the subject elsewhere.

Enthusiastic Supporters.

When Mr. Kensit left the court he was greeted with cheers by a crowd which had assembled outside, and some of his sympathisers, giving way to their enthusiasm, lifted him shoulder-high and bore their principal into Cheapside. For some minutes the throng was impeded by this procession, which passed down the street with the accompaniment of frequent outbursts of cheering until they reached Mr. Kensit's shop in Paternoster-row. Here a number of police dispersed those of the crowd who were inclined to remain outside the house.

"REDS" AND "BLUES" IN EGGS.

Suing Herman Gosschalk, Ltd., a firm of egg importers, for damages, on the ground of wrongful dismissal, before Mr. Justice Darling and a jury yesterday, the plaintiff, a produce merchant named Weir, said he had introduced a number of customers, who purchased from the defendants, "reds," "blues," and Egyptian eggs.

Mr. Justice Darling: What are "reds" and "blues"? Are they party colours?

Plaintiff explained that the smaller eggs were called "reds" and the larger ones "blues."

Mr. Justice Darling said he was glad to hear that. He thought that the particular varieties of eggs might have had something to do with elections.

Mr. A. Powell, K.C., remarked that perhaps the witness could supply election eggs if he were asked to do so.

Plaintiff said he did not deal in them, but he believed there had been a run on them lately, and were now very scarce. (Laughter.)

In the result the jury failed to agree, and were discharged.

LORD LUDLOW AS PROSECUTOR.

John Henry Johnson, fifty-five, a shorthand writer, was, at Westminster Police Court yesterday, remanded in respect of a charge of obtaining money by false pretences from Lord Ludlow, a Marylebone candidate for the L.C.C.

His lordship said prisoner called on him, his case bearing the description "hon. secretary of the Marylebone Ratepayers' Association." In course of conversation prisoner mentioned the name of Samuel Scott, who, he said, had contributed five guineas, and went on to suggest that, as prisoner was a witness could not give less than £5. Eventually he drew a cheque for that amount, but because he was suspicious when prisoner asked that it should not be crossed. Inquiries resulted in witness taking these proceedings.

Prisoner denied the charge, and said that he was the founder of the society, which had existed for six weeks. He asked for bail, but on the police dissenting this was refused.

POLICE-SERGEANT SENT FOR TRIAL.

Police-sergeant Alfred Williams was sent for trial by the Greenwich magistrate yesterday on a charge of having committed perjury in certain recent cases in which the police prosecuted a man named Taylor.

Israel Richmond, whose discharge from Bankruptcy was suspended for three years yesterday, was stated to have followed, among other occupations, that of keeping a "wedding saloon."

Mr. Justice Farwell is suffering from a chill and was unable, in consequence, to hold his sitting at the Chancery Division yesterday.

TO STOP LONG SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT.



A meeting is to be held next week to consider a remedy for the intolerable nuisance of long speeches in the House of Commons. The most effective cure would be to suspend over each member's head an extinguisher, which could be lowered by an official as soon as the House began to grow weary. We make Sir F. C. Rasch (see page 5) a present of the idea.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY at 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 2.30 and 6.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-DAY at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.30.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
LAST TWO PERFORMANCES.
TO-DAY at 2.30 and TONIGHT at 8.30.
A QUEEN'S ROMANCE.
By John Davidson.
Buy Bios Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
The Queen of Spain..... PATRICK CAMPBELL.
LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday) at 2.30.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.
On TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, March 8, at 9.
MR. LEWIS WALLER
will give
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
Preceded Nightly at 8.15 by
A QUEEN'S MESSIAH.
In which Mr. Frank Drell and Miss Darragh will appear.
LAST EVENING SATURDAY, at 8.
Box office open 10 to 10.30. Tel. 5125, Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-DAY at 2.15 and TO-NIGHT at 8.20 in
OLD HEIDELBERG (214th and 215th times).

OLD HEIDELBERG. LAST 9 NIGHTS.
FINAL PERFORMANCE TONIGHT, MARCH 15.
LAST THREE MATINEES TO-DAY (Saturday),
and March 9 and 12, at 2.15. ST. JAMES'S.
ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
begs to announce that he will produce on THURSDAY
EVENING, March 17, an English version by Rudolf
Bischoff of Otto Erich Hartleben's play, ROSENMON-
TAG, entitled
LOVER'S CARNIVAL. ST. JAMES'S.
Seats can now be booked.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

Two Ways of Doing Business.

To invite the House of Commons to follow
the example of the London County Council
(or, for the matter of that, any other county
council) may seem to some people a course
both derogatory to Parliament and also calculated
to make county councils unduly puffed
up. Yet we do urge quite seriously that if
the assembly of the representatives of the
Nation were to do its business as rapidly and
sensibly as the representatives of London do
theirs, the gain would be very great.

There was a time when the L.C.C. used to
waste its hours in discussing abstract ques-
tions, such as the control of the police or the
rating of ground values, with which they had
nothing whatever to do. But that time is
long past, and the weekly meetings of the
Council are now strictly devoted to business.
There is no need for any councillor to pro-
pose a time-limit on speeches, as Major Sir
F. C. Rasch intends to do once more in the
House of Commons. Long speeches are not
tolerated at Spring Gardens. Members
know they must work off their superfluous
verbosity upon their constituents. Their
fellow-councillors will have none of it.

This devotion to business (as opposed to
mere talk) on the part of the L.C.C. is often
attributed to the supremacy of the Progressive
Party, which supremacy is not likely to be
reduced at the elections to-day. But when it
is argued that, with a Liberal majority in the
House of Commons, the same result would
follow, we must call a halt. Liberals are just
as fond of the sound of their own voices as
Conservatives, and very often fonder. If
there were a "Progressive" Party in Imperial

politics, we might look for some improve-
ment, but, unfortunately, that term cannot be
applied to either side at present, nor is there
any immediate prospect of such a party being
formed.

What would have to be its leading principle,
if it could be formed? The same, surely, as
that which animates the Progressives on the
L.C.C., and on the councils of other great
cities—the principle, to wit, that the impor-
tant thing is to transact business efficiently
and without needless ceremony or waste of
time. If a majority of the House of Com-
mons is ever imbued with this spirit, reforms
in its clumsy procedure will be very quickly
introduced. And one of these reforms will
certainly be a limitation of the length of
speeches. The House agreed some time ago
that they were too long, but, so far, all defi-
nite proposals for keeping them shorter have
been defeated. More power to the elbows of
Sir F. C. Rasch and the others who are work-
ing hard to turn defeat into victory!

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

A contemporary asserts that in modern war-
fare only one bullet in 740 finds its billet. It
would save a great deal in transport if both
sides agreed to leave the odd 739 at home.

A helpful little book has just been pub-
lished, entitled, "Browning for Beginners." To
the uninitiated it may have a half-baked
sound, but it is not till all the master's work
has been mastered that the true enthusiast can
cry, "Well done."

It was a custom in old Japan to bury living
retainers, servants, and even horses, upright
in a circle round the grave of a member of
any Imperial or noble family. As far as the
Imperial or noble families were concerned,
the servant question must have proved as
troublesome as it is to us to-day.

We are told that French jewellers are pre-
paring graduated rings which promise to be
popular. Soon we shall be able to sympathise
with the stout lady who entered a 'bus on a
broiling day, mopped her face, and remarked to
the "insiders" generally, as she spread her
hands abroad, "Rings is warm!"

A Liverpool paper wants to know why
"Punch" always uses hyphens for vowels in
the names of celebrities, as, for instance,

"Mr. Arth-r B-J-r." The custom is, of
course, a survival from an age when it was
thought funny. Many of the jests in the
journal may be similarly explained.

The Board of Trade inspector states that
the collision on the L.B. and S.C. Railway at
Peckham Rye was due to ignoring the stand-
ing rules. It was at first thought that it was due
to ignoring a standing train, which is such a
common object on a South London suburban
line that it might easily escape notice.

The attendant damsels at Messrs. Lyons's
tea-shops are greatly perturbed over an order
to dress their hair on the top instead of in
the "bun" at the back of the head, which
has hitherto been the fashion. It is a hair-
raising question, but everything is in order,
and there is no sign of so much as a lock out.

Our readers can hardly fail to have noticed
the remarkable outburst of humour in certain
metropolitan County Courts during the last
few days. Of course, County Court Judges
are never personal or vulgar, especially when
addressing ladies, but one might almost be
forgiven for supposing that they occasionally try
to be.

There seems a little doubt, judging from
the reports in the papers whether the great
German victory alluded to by the Kaiser was
won at Otjihinamaparifo or at Otjihinama-
parero. Atlases and gazetteers give no clue,
and the only way would seem to be to inscribe
both names on the colours of the conquering
regiment, regardless of expense.

"The natural impulse of woman is to spend,
the acquired one to save." Thus a writer in
a weekly paper. Of course, it must be granted
that saving is a habit of acquirement, and
that, to paraphrase Lincoln, the woman who
never acquired the habit never acquired any-
thing else, but surely the same could be said
of man. Did our forefathers bury bones in the
family cave and did our foremothers dig them
up again to barter them for the latest
thing in pelts? We can hardly believe it.

Prince Prosper von Arenberg was sen-
tenced to ten months' imprisonment for
killing a native in Damaland. The Kaiser
objected, and the Prince was brought home,
and sentenced to death, but this time he did
the objecting himself. The Kaiser commuted
the sentence to fifteen years, but the Prince
was removed to an asylum. Now he has been
tried for the fourth time to find out whether
he was mad. If it had been decided that he
wasn't, there would not be much use in being
a German prince.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

FRANKNESS IN COURTSHIP.

Divorce on the ground of fraud was recently obtained by a wealthy German lady from a French count of the old nobility, on the ground that the

entering upon the holy state of matrimony? Shall Angelina make Edwin privy to the fact that fully a third of the golden locks which he so admires grew upon the head of "a lady from over the Rhine," and were paid for at their weight in gold? Shall Edwin lay bare his own secret devices for

"PINNING" THE MAP IN PARIS.

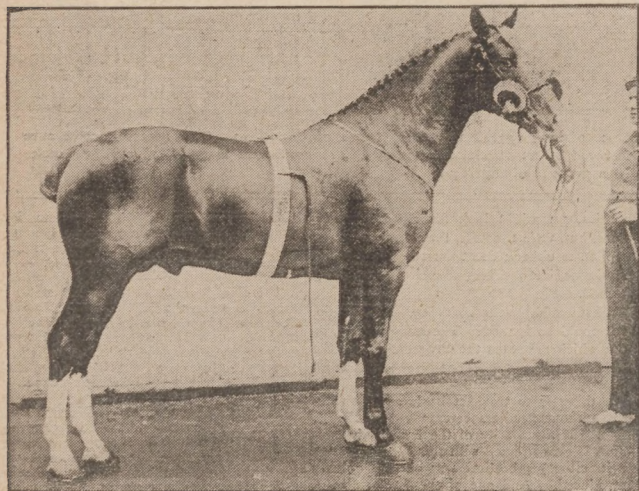


This is how an enterprising Paris newspaper, "Le Petit Journal," indicates the position of the troops in Manchuria and Korea.

bridegroom had not informed her before the marriage took place that he wore a wig. A case like this should set engaged couples to thinking. What and how much ought one to confess before

good looks and comfort, telling Angelina, for instance, how much his manly figure owes to the padding of a clever tailor? To study the advertising pages of a lady's magazine and view the

CHAMPION HACKNEY STALLION.



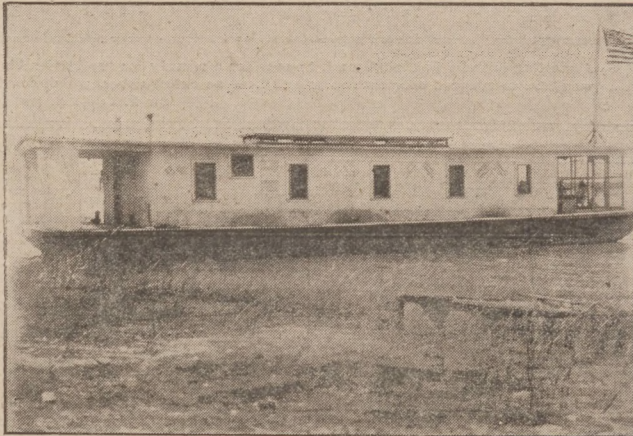
Administrator, owned by Mr. Charles E. Galbraith, has for the second year in succession been awarded the Champion Stallion's Cup at the Hackney Show at Islington. Mr. Galbraith also won the Champion Cup for mares with Rosadora.

PLUCKY VETERAN WALKING 1,000 MILES.



Dr. Deighton, a veteran athlete of 61, has started to walk from Land's End to John o' Groat's, a distance of 1,000 miles, at the average rate of forty miles a day. For nourishment he reposes faith in a form of meat extract. He expects to arrive at John o' Groat's on March 26.

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.



A party of wealthy Americans have had a special houseboat built in which to visit the World's Fair at St. Louis. The outside gives no idea of the luxurious nature of the inside fittings. The boat cost over \$4,000, and is as comfortable as a first-class hotel.

THE RIVAL GOALKEEPERS IN TO-DAY'S MATCH.



L. VALL, who will defend the Sheffield Wednesday goal against Tottenham Hotspur to-day.



W. WILLIAMS, the Tottenham Hotspur goalkeeper, is a tower of strength to his team, and is expected to do great things in to-day's big match.

startling array of "hidden helps" therein offered to feminine beauty one might hastily conclude that woman as a whole is "a fleeting show for man's illusion given."

"Never tell all you know," runs the ancient Arabian proverb, "for he who tells all which he knows often tells more than is wise." But secrets which are not told before marriage should be secrets which can be kept, for though one knows that lovers always have the noblest natures and for love's sake will pardon much, still they are frequently the last to pardon deceit.

They are easy to deceive,
"They trust, and forego,
They give and give all."

They rarely ask for the balance of the ledger, but if they do when the accounts have been falsified, woe unto the offender! For, indeed, he, or more especially she, may seek forgiveness with tears and seek it in vain.

LADY DIES WITH A GROOM.

Berlin has been the scene of a remarkable double tragedy, the youngest daughter of an aristocratic family committing suicide by hanging, together with the master's groom, in the saddle-room. The youthful baroness (says our correspondent) was buried in one cemetery, and the groom the same afternoon in another, their wish to be interred together being ignored.

FAMOUS FIELD-MARSHAL ILL.

Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee has (says Reuter) been lying seriously ill for some days. He is losing strength, and his condition causes anxiety. Count von Waldersee, one of the most distinguished officers in the Franco-German War, commanded the allied forces in China in 1901.



To-day's match a Competition. The Rainbird, Hughes

POOR

His Majesty's Board pose to add a state cross Government office holds plaint of Mr. J. P.

AND



Miss Jean Sterlin made a debut (Photo)

the dirty condition of minister Abbey to the House of Commons, M

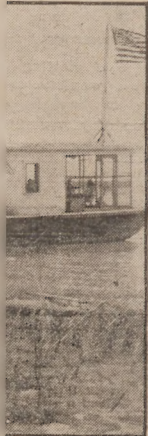
DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR—FAVOURITES FOR THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CUP.



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TARSHAL ILL.

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condition causes anxiety,
one of the most distin-
nco-German War, com-
a China in 1901.



To-day's match at Tottenham between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday is expected to be the most exciting game in the course of the Association Football Cup Competition. The 'Spurs team will be selected from the men in this photograph. First row: Warner, Mearns, Brentz, Williams, Watson, Tait. Second row: Burton, Rainbird, Hughes, Morris, Brown, McNaught, Burton (J. H.). Third row: Mountford (trainer), Gilhooley, Jones (J.), Brearley, Copeland, Kirwan. Fourth row: Chalmers, Walton, Stephenson, Quinn, Jones (captain), McConnachie. Vivian Woodward, the International centre forward, is not included.

POOR "JO."

His Majesty's Board of Works does not propose to add a state crossing-sweeper to the list of Government office holders. Referring to the complaint of Mr. J. P. Farrell, M.P., regarding

Works at the Houses of Parliament, told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday that this crossing, in common with the rest of the Government property in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament, was daily swept by the sweeping staff of the House. No particular man was assigned to the crossing. The crossing referred

bring him into unpleasant contact with the representative of the officials in charge of the sweeping staff.

A carriage containing two engineers, while proceeding yesterday along the Brenner-road, Innsbruck, fell over a precipice a depth of 60ft. One of the occupants was killed.—Reuter.

NEW ST. BART'S.

Recent contributors to the St. Bartholomew's Hospital rebuilding fund include Messrs. Arnold and Son, West Smithfield, who have promised an operating theatre with all appliances, and the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons, who have voted a sum of 500 guineas. The fund now totals £50,000.

ANTOINETTE STERLING'S DAUGHTER.



Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay, daughter of the late Madame Antoinette Sterling, has made a debut full of the brightest promise at a special matinee of "When a Man Marries" at Wyndham's Theatre. (Rosemont, Leeds.)

the dirty condition of the crossing from Westminster Abbey to the public entrance to the House of Commons, Mr. Williams, Clerk of the

to would no doubt make a most lucrative pitch for any crossing-sweeper who has enterprise sufficient to seize on it, but such a move would probably

IN THE LAND OF THE GREAT WHITE TSAR.



The Russians as a nation are accomplished skaters, and the women in particular are noted for their grace and skill on the ice. At present skating and sledging are in full swing throughout the north of Russia.

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER IX. The Question.

There were not many people in the Park when Cynthia Graham and Arthur Stanton entered it by Stanhope Gate. A mist hung heavily and tangibly white over the rising ground, the long lines of twinkling lights shone through it like strings of tremulous, orange-coloured gems.

"I must not stay for many moments," Cynthia said, nervously. "I ought not to have come; John would be annoyed, my father furious." She cast little apprehensive glances over her shoulder as though she were afraid she might be spied upon. "Yet—I felt I must see you, Arthur—the suspense has been unendurable."

She spoke with some constraint, conscious of a sensation of shame in having thus crept out secretly to keep an appointment in a public park so late in the evening. "Like a little servant girl," she had told herself as she dressed.

He took her unwilling hand and slipped it under his arm. Despite her protest the near contact with him gave her comfort.

They were as much alone in that great central park, close to London's teeming thoroughfares, as they had been upon the Carberry Hill.

"Poor little girl," he said tenderly. "Cynthia, what a clumsy brute you must have thought me this afternoon; what a blundering ass! But I knew nothing, I had heard nothing, of the ordeal through which you had passed—for the last week I have been out of the world—"

"But, Arthur," she interrupted. "You were there, I saw you clearly; if your life were in the balance and the question were put to me, unless I perjured myself I would have to swear that the man I saw in my uncle's room was you—my lover!"

Her voice died to a whisper, a strong shudder shook her.

He stopped short in his walk, they were near a seat, and half-unconsciously she sank upon it. "Tell me," he said, in a hard voice, "what you saw, and how?" He did not seat himself; he stood stiff and straight; she shut her eyes in an agony of remembrance; so she had seen him once before, rigid against a lighter background. She tried to speak, her voice came cracked and discordant, like the voice of a woman who has talked long and loud and is weary. As from an infinite distance came a long, low roar, which spoke of the life of the great monster city.

"Cynthia," he said again, "the time is passing. Tell me."

With difficulty he drew her story from her, a story punctuated with low-drawn breaths of pain.

Again, as in the drawing-room at Stanhope-street, she heard him call upon the name of God beneath his breath, call as one in the deep of despair, not as one who blasphemes.

"Arthur," she cried, "for pity's sake explain; only tell me why you were there. You cannot know what I have suffered during this week of silence."

In her eagerness she had risen and caught his arm; her questioning fingers bit into it. He laid his own upon it.

"Cynthia, you are mistaken. I was not there. I never saw your uncle—never was inside his house in Berkeley-square. Until I called upon you this afternoon I was ignorant that a murder had been committed."

"But—I saw you," she repeated, with a dazed persistency. "I was not there. Of what have you thought me guilty? Oh, Cynthia, were your love and faith so slight and feeble after all?"

She covered beneath the reproach in his grieving voice; he had released her hand and it fell limply by her side. Their positions seemed strangely reversed; she felt the accused and guilty one.

"I never doubted you," she cried quickly. "I only wanted your word for it—some explanation—that was all. Instead you were silent," she flung out her hands in the darkness with a gesture of despair. "I don't understand," she cried feebly. "I saw a man in your image, Arthur—then all that I told you happened. Where were you on the night of the murder—where have you been all this long dreary week?"

"That I cannot tell you," he said briefly, and without hesitation.

She started violently. "Can't tell me?" she repeated with some sharpness in her voice. "Where?"

"Because," he replied, simply, "I may not." "Oh," she drew in her breath with a sharp gasp of pain. "You are too mysterious; you began on the first day on Carberry Hill to put up a barrier between us. You cannot love me—between those who love there should be no concealment—no necessity, no desire for it!"

He bent forward and took her fluttering hands into his own.

"Cynthia," he said, gravely. "You do not at least doubt my love for you; I know that you do not—I read it in your eyes this afternoon. I believe in yours for me, and I am going to put it to the test—a test too great for the love of most women, but you are not an ordinary woman. I am going to ask you to allow me to leave all your questions unanswered, and yet beseech you to retain unimpaired your love and trust in me! Can you do this?"

She turned her face to his with a certain eager movement, like the quick inquiry of a loving child. He could just distinguish its pure outlines in the darkness.

"Yes," she breathed. "I am ready to answer to your test."

He bent and kissed her on the lips. "Dearest and best," he murmured passionately. "Some day—soon, I pray and trust, I shall be free to tell you everything. Just now my tongue is tied—my secret bound up with the honour of someone very dear to me. Does that suffice you?"

"I wait my lord's pleasure," she answered, with a spark of her old self.

He gathered her silently in his arms. It was London—Hyde Park; the mist had drawn its screening curtain round them. Cynthia no longer drew an analogy between herself and the little maid who lacks the shelter of a friendly drawing-room for her love-making.

She only knew that she was a woman, that she had passed through the gates of fear, and that the refuge of her lover's arms was indescribably sweet. The sound of Arthur Stanton's voice, the clasp of his firm hands, the whole intangible atmosphere which surrounded him, all cried out to her with a voiceless assurance that he was as true as steel, that she loved, and as a consequence, trusted him.

The facts stood out colossal and impregnable in her mind as she slipped unnoticed up the broad staircase of John Woodruffe's house in Stanhope-street.

CHAPTER X. Famillioe at Bay.

Mr. James Deakin, loitering unobtrusively on the pavement which fronts the wide and sordid expanse of buildings which comprise the King's Cross-road Police Station, was very actively interested in his own musings.

They were pleasant musings, evidently, for, despite the fact that for the space of quite five seconds he had regarded a brass plate bearing the name of a brother professional with a fierce and intent gaze, he broke into a sudden smile. Quite a pleasant smile, which relieved the stolidity of his face, and twinkled almost alarmingly in his brilliant black eyes.

The smile had not wholly died away when the cab containing Pauline Woodruffe drew up sharply by the curb opposite. Mr. Deakin was not too engrossed with his thoughts, however, not to have observed the cab and its occupant before it stopped, or to be by the side of the wheel, hat in hand, when the doors flew automatically open.

But perhaps the woman, and the thoughts and the smile, were all bound together by some indefinable connecting link.

Pauline's greeting had something of the graciousness which her reception of the solicitor the previous evening had lacked. The long vigil of the night had taught her wisdom as well as given her courage. She determined to fight for her place in life, her happiness, her good name—to the last gasp, and if failure came as the reward of the struggle—to die game.

Moreover, she had prayed: a strange un-Christian prayer, by the bed of her sleeping child. Using his innocence as it were a shield between the evil she had done and the anger of heaven.

She needed all the courage a woman might summon; and found it little enough as she followed the inspector and the solicitor down the flagged passage to the place where Miles Famillioe waited on the pleasure of the law.

He regarded her with a mocking smile as she entered the room, and bowed with a very pretty courtesy, but till the door was closed upon the strangers he did not speak.

"Won't you sit down?" He offered her a seat with a wave of his hand, which was white and exquisitely kept, and she remembered with a shiver of repulsion, of an unmanly softness.

She sank down on the hard chair with relief, and met his eyes unflinchingly. He was a handsome man, undoubtedly. The type of man girls of seventeen and women of forty-five adore. Broad-shouldered, elegantly shaped, with features

aristocratically correct; a certain air of breeding, good eyes, all undeniable points, but marred by the tell-tale lines round eyes and mouth, a fleshiness of the figure, and the distinct brutality in the set of the jaw and lips.

Almost unconsciously Pauline found herself contrasting him with her husband. John Woodruffe's features were the clear-cut, almost sensual, perhaps, yet wholly beautiful features, of a perfect Roman should essay emine or sable; they are regal pelt. You have doubtless observed the distressing effect of sable-tinted rabbit on the neck of the English factory girl?

Pauline had a fierce gesture of impatience. "What do you want of me—why have you sent for me—exposed me before the man you call your solicitor?" she asked. Her voice was low and tense; each word rang with the thrilling distinctness of a travelling bullet.

The man smiled at her serenely. He sat down also, near the table, leaning his elbows upon it, his chin on his white folded hands.

"What a very ridiculous and wholly unnecessary question," he said, quietly. His eyes sought her mercilessly. He noted the sudden blanching of her cheek, the compression of the beautiful lips which told of the struggle with fear which was raging within. But apart from this the beautiful face was proud and cold. He longed with an intense longing to see her seeking quarter at his feet.

If she had expected to see him cowed, ill at ease in the face of the terrible charge which had been brought against him, Pauline was bitterly disappointed. She spoke with difficulty to break his obstinate silence.

"Is it true?" she asked. "Is there any justice in the charge? You may be frank with me, at least."

Again he shrugged his shoulders. "When may one be frank with a woman on any subject?" he said. "In this case, however, it is perhaps well to boldly state the truth—there is no justice in the case. I am not guilty—in act, at least. In desire I have murdered the old skint—flint a score of times. Perhaps after all there is justice—I am arrested for murder, indeed, committed in intent!"

"Then you can clear yourself?" Despite the rigid control she was putting upon herself Pauline could not keep down the passionate eagerness in her voice.

He smiled at her evilly. "Ah, there you touch upon the real motive of my appeal to you," he said, sentimentally. "I cannot clear myself. I was in the house on the night of the murder. That is not to be denied; the police have actual proof. More," he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I was with the murderer—but I struck no blow. I shall have, I am afraid, dear Pauline to suffer for the public good."

He stared at her with a singular expression in his bold eyes.

Pauline sat like a woman turned to stone. She seemed incapable of thought; for the moment it was as though no other time had existed than the present—that there was no past—no future.

"Am I like another Samson to bring down the ruins of the house in my fall?" he asked her in a silky voice. He leaned across the table; his sneering face was very near her own. She recoiled from him.

"What do you mean?" she whispered. Her voice sounded strangely flat and unmelodious in her own ears. To her intense horror and shame she began to shiver violently. Furtively her hand sought the floor cloth on the chair, she might press it and gain from sheer physical pain some cessation of the mental anguish which racked her.

"I mean," he replied, very coolly, "am I to amuse the Court with some pages from my autobiography, or are you going to help me out of this infernal noose in which I find myself?"

"How can I help you? What if it is impossible for you to clear yourself—how can I help you? You may do what you will; I cannot achieve the impossible."

He flung himself back impatiently in his chair. "Bah! You are dull," he cried.

"I admit it." Her soft hands were clasped strainingly together now. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Something perfectly easy. Find the real murderer. Then as a reward I will," he paused maliciously, "refrain for the present from publishing my memoirs to an appreciative world."

She looked at him with fascinated, terrified eyes. He looked such a thing of evil, she did not doubt at all that his was the hand which had struck that treacherous blow in the back. If he were in the house on the night of the murder he was responsible for the deed. She had no doubt, no doubt at all.

She leaned forward towards him suddenly. "You are the man," she said.

He laughed a light, artificial laugh. "How excellently dramatic, but a trifle archaic, my dear Mrs. Woodruffe. No; I am not the man—nor, unfortunately can I tell you his name. It all sounds so highly improbable—personally I should consider anyone a fool who believed it, but it's a fact, nevertheless. Since—well, since funds became distressingly short with a matter of eight months since—I have lived in Paris. With a certain hand of expert thieves there—most excellent, light-hearted craftsmen; genuises in their way. Trade was brisk, unluckily so, it seems. Paris became too hot for us—we, that is, the cream of our set, resolved to take a try at less tropical regions, and travelled to London. In London here, the brother of our chief carries on a very magnificent and lucrative business. He—" He broke off abruptly, and laughed with a sense of evident enjoyment, "but I may not tell tales. Not, dear Pauline from any mistaken idea of honour, but merely because the exigencies of the raid demand it. To 'split on a pal' and save myself would be but to jump, vulgarly speaking, from the frying-pan into the fire. To escape the hangman's noose to fall by the edict of our society. So—" he ended with a wave of his hand, "I call upon you, my most excellent friend, to assist me out of my most miserable condition."

For a moment or two Pauline wondered if the man were mad, or merely playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse. But there was a ring of sincerity in his golden voice; a certain suggestion of fear and despair in his bold eyes, that drove the thought from her. It was only too possible; she knew that Paris was riddled by such gangs of expert thieves, but London—"

"I cannot help you," she said despairingly. "If you cannot tell the name of the murderer to me—how can I, tied and bound as I am, discover him. It's so like you to set me to make ropes of sand—to set me in a pit with sheer, polished walls and tell me that if I climb out from it you will never meet me again."

She stood up as though she would leave the place. The interview had lasted too long already; every moment she was afraid that some one would come to the door and tell her she must go. She had all a woman's ignorant terror of the dealings of the law.

He stood up beside her and caught her fiercely by the arms, staring into her face with angry, compelling eyes.

"You would leave me to die like a rat in a trap, would you?" he hissed. "You think that I shall be afraid to speak! Ah, you do not know me—or you have forgotten. The world will hear much, very, very much. I will make your name a thing of infamy throughout the length and breadth of England. The man you call your husband will not dare to raise his head—your child will be branded. Yes, if I fall, many will come with me in my fall—many!"

His eyes magnetised her. She shuddered in his grip; he released her, threw her from him. She staggered backwards, clutching at the chair.

"What can I do?" she wailed again. She sank on the chair and covered her face with her hands. "God help me, for I see no way out of this coil!"

He bent over her, shaking her lightly by the shoulder.

"Bring the right man to justice," he repeated. "You have money, influence—set me free and you are free also. He cast an ugly word in her teeth. "Woman—don't you see that, but for you, I wouldn't be here. If you had given me the money I asked for—if you had been wise—acted as a woman with the brains of a man—might have been expected to act, I would not have set foot in Oswald Drummond's house that night!"

She turned on him with the fierce courage of a creature brought to bay, making her last stand. "I was as helpless then as I am now," she cried, distractedly. "I had no money; I have no means of finding the murderer."

He interrupted her with a singular catch in his throat. "No?" he murmured, very distinctly. "But your sister Cynthia? What of her, eh?"

To be continued on Monday.

OUR CIRCULATION COMPETITION.

A Ten-pound Note Offered to the Reader Who Correctly Estimates Next Wednesday's Circulation of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror."

We offer a prize of £10 to the reader who comes nearest to estimating correctly our actual circulation figure on

WEDNESDAY NEXT, MARCH 9.

It will assist our readers if we state that the circulation of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* rose from 71,690 on January 23 to 87,779 on February 4, to 105,235 on February 11, to 122,499 on February 18, to 143,844 on February 26, and to 146,928 on March 2. What will it be on March 9?

Every reader is allowed as many estimates as he likes, but each estimate must be made upon the accompanying form, and reach the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* office before noon on Tuesday, March 8.

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" CIRCULATION £10 PRIZE COUPON.

I estimate the circulation of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" for Wednesday next, March 9,

Name

Address

Fill in this coupon and post, or send, it to "CIRCULATION,"

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" OFFICE,

2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

* It is understood that the decision of the editor is final. In case of a tie the first correct estimate opened wins.

TO THE DEAF

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noise in the Head after fourteen years' suffering with steady success, and the remedy on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Address: H. B. C. 2, Carberry House, Northampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.



REV. THOMAS CHARLES of Bala, who was mainly responsible for the formation of the Bible Society.

BIBLE IN 430 TONGUES.

Striking Facts Concerning a Centenary.

To-morrow is the centenary Sunday of the Bible Society, and the King and Queen, should his Majesty's indisposition permit, will attend a special service at St. Paul's Cathedral, with sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Bible Society was established on March 7, 1803, by Mr. Hughes and a clergyman named Charles.

In its first year £700 was spent on Bibles, the society now spends £700 a day. In 1833-4 the annual issue of Bibles was 1,450,000 copies, in 1892-3 six millions. At the end of last year one hundred and eighty-five million Bibles, of which 75,000,000 were English, had been distributed by the society.

In 1804 the Bible could only be read in about thirty living languages, understood by some two-

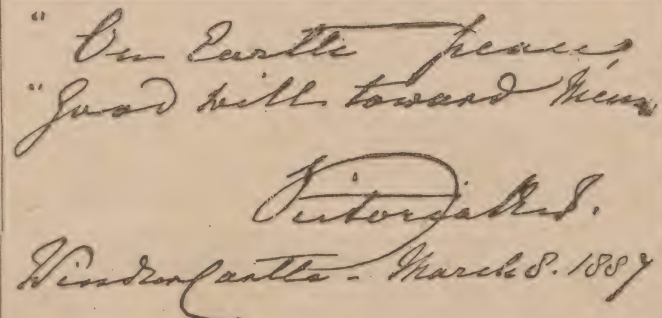
medium. His occupation is to travel from hamlet to hamlet with cheap Testaments and Gospels.

Occasionally the work has its dangers. Last year a converted Moor met his death at the hands of infuriated Moslems in Morocco, and an old Chinaman was brutally done to death by Boxers. In Manchuria Bibles have been bartered for sour milk and rotten cheese.

The society charge a nominal price for their Bibles, less than the book costs to produce.

For instance, 8,000,000 English Bibles have been issued at one penny each. A Chinese Testament,

elemental ideas of the Gospel. A missionary translator in New Guinea was wrestling with the word Love, and asked his native what term the people would use to express their fondness for whatever they held dearest on earth. He was given a word. On acquiring a more extensive knowledge of the language he was horrified to find the word he had used signified "a liking for putrid meat"—a native delicacy. In British Columbia a missionary wanted to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." He was told the native rendering of the phrase. Later he discovered he had written "A hat that never wears out." The scriptures have also



Queen Victoria's favourite text, written for the Bible Society on her Jubilee.

which costs 4d. to print, is sold for just over 2d. A Japanese Testament, which costs 1½d. to print, is sold for 1½d.

The translation of the Bible into the various languages has in many cases been a task of immense difficulty. The Rev. Henry Nott spent twenty years in Tahiti to perfect himself in the language of the island and then devoted another twenty

been issued in over thirty different languages in embossed types, so that the blind may read them.

NEW MULLAH.

There is a lack of substantiality about a Mullah which must be disconcerting to General Egerton.



Blind men in India reading Bibles in raised type.



One of the Society's Bible-sellers at work in Algiers.

tenths of the population; but now the society has made translations into 430 languages, which can be read by seven-tenths of mankind. The languages of most of the other three-tenths are being mastered now.

It was a long time before a system of distribution could be devised that could be adapted to the conditions of every country.

The society found the colporteur the best possible

years to translating the Bible into Tahitian. When Dr. Morrison, the pioneer Protestant missionary to China, arrived at Canton in 1807 for the special purpose of translating the Scriptures, he had to work with the greatest secrecy, as death was the penalty paid by any native who was known to have assisted a foreigner in the study of the language.

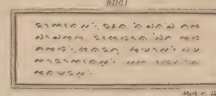
Often, however, a country has no literature, and no words or thoughts to correspond with the



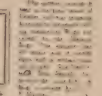
A bookstall of the Bible Society in Uganda.

SPECIMENS OF BIBLE TYPE.

BIBLE SOCIETY CENTENARY FUND.

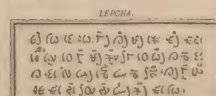


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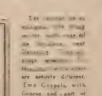


One Language, One Press.

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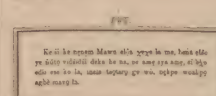


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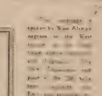


One Language, One Press.

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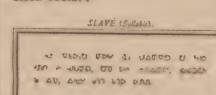


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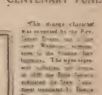


One Language, One Press.

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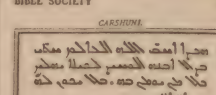


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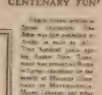


One Language, One Press.

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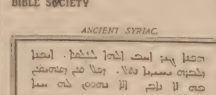


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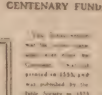


One Language, One Press.

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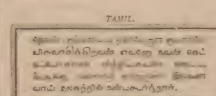


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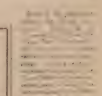


One Language, One Press.

BIBLE SOCIETY CENTENARY FUND.



The Bible House, 146, Queen Victoria Street, London.



One Language, One Press.

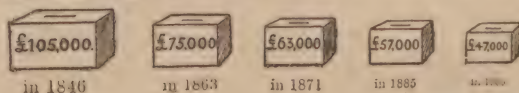
mover in the fresh revolt," it announces, "is a Mullah who has been living for the past three months by raiding the neighbouring tribes. He is believed to have a certain number of rifles. Although in sympathy with Mahomed Abdullah, the news of his appearance is not regarded in official circles as of immediate importance."

In view of their Majesties' approaching visit to Ireland, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught will not

MONEY-BOXES AND PACKING-CASES.

These diagrams show how, while the Bible Society's circulation has been growing, its relative expenditure has been shrinking.

These money-boxes represent what the Society spent on each million copies which it issued.



These packing-cases illustrate the growth of the Society's annual circulation of the Scriptures, million by million.



It would seem that no sooner is one Mullah cornered than another comes of another, said to be a friend of the original, but probably a rival. A Reuter special announces the advent of this new predatory enemy. The prime

viceroy's command of the Forces in Ireland and the Third Army Corps until May 1 next, from which date his appointment as Inspector-General of the Forces and President of the Selection Board will take effect.

LA BELLE AMERICAINE

Thinks London Stores Are "Too Cute for Anything."

"Come right in," said charming Miss Josephine Sabel, as she answered the knock of a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* at her sitting-room door in the Hotel Cecil. "I am only just



MISS JOSEPHINE SABEL.
The charming American actress, paying a second visit to London, and will appear at the Tivoli on Monday night.

returned from a lovely time. London is simply delightful."

"What, this weather, Miss Sabel?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about weather; I have been shopping; your stores are just too cute for anything."

"Glad you are pleased, Miss Sabel, with the London shops, but I really came to ask you about your professional visit here."

"Certainly," said the excitable little lady; "but just look at this cloak, isn't it sweet?"—displaying an exquisite white silk theatre wrap.

"Beautiful; but your songs?"

"My songs? Oh, yes. But just look at the dress I am going to use for them, pink crêpe de Chine, corded and hand-tucked? Too sweet for anything, isn't it? What? The songs? Well, first a French song on peace, that's for the entente cordiale, then two lovely ones in my own way."

"My way? Well, I hustle from the minute I start. I don't stop a moment; all movement, no waiting between for me. I could not do it," said the lively little lady, who literally seemed strung on wires.

"I love my profession. I actually have not had a holiday for nine years—singing all over the States, Paris, Berlin, South Africa."

"Somebody Loves Me."

"Have you ever appeared in London?"

"Oh, yes, nine years ago, and I am glad to be back. I like London, and I hope the Londoners will like me. They already know some of old times. There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night, and 'Somebody Loves Me.' Oh, I don't tell you about 'Somebody Loves Me.' One night in Minneapolis, a very old farmer and his wife were in the stage box, and when I started singing the old gentleman leant over and levelled the largest pair of field glasses I've ever seen—regular young telescopes—at me as I sang the words."

Somebody loves me.
How do I know?
Somebody's eyes
Have told me so.

I looked up at the box, the audience caught the joke, and went off into such roars of laughter that I let me off, and the song came to an untimely end. My friend Henry Davenport, who was present, made a sketch of the incident, which he sent me."

"When do we have the pleasure of hearing you, Miss Sabel?"

"On Monday, at the Tivoli; but here's another dress arrived, do stay and help unpack it." But our representative begged to withdraw; his head was beginning to mix up chiffon, cake walks, and crêpe de Chine.

MR. ISMAY AND THE SHIPPING TRUST.

Mr. Bruce Ismay, president of the Morgan Ship-line Trust, states that the management of the Trust will be wherever he is, whether in this country or in America. He will aim at conducting the management on White Star principles, for, if the White Star line had been successful, why should not the Trust be successful?

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The cold snap had the effect of laying up a number of people, and society has been kept busy driving about to make inquiries. There was a constant stream of carriages at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon, and a number of callers, too, at Gloucester House.

The Princess of Wales is a frequent visitor to her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, and writes a Grand Bulletin of his conduct to his sister, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who hurt her hand some time ago, and since has been quite unable to write letters.

Mrs. Hilda Williams, who has been so ill, is getting better; Captain Reginald Ward is progressing very satisfactorily; and the Duke of Devonshire is to go out to-day if the weather is fine enough.

Great hopes are entertained of the recovery of Lord Morley, who is really a little better, The

NO CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE.

Water Board Members Must Pay For Their Lunches.

An interesting discussion arose at the Metropolitan Water Board yesterday on a recommendation submitted by Mr. E. B. Barnard, that the actual expenses reasonably incurred by members should be paid by the Board.

Mr. Pickersgill moved an amendment, that the "actual travelling expenses" only should be paid. The only other expenses which could arise were those for refreshments, and he was against providing for these out of the pockets of the ratepayers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Culville urged that, as it was the wish of all members to run the Board on business lines, members should receive all their out-of-pocket expenses. He refused to starve himself, but at the same time he would think it unworthy to charge 1d. more if the charge was reasonable.

Sir John McDougal, L.C.C., pointed out that, whether a man took his lunch at home or elsewhere, he would have to pay for it. It was a very good principle that the members should pay for their own lunches, and that there should be no personal perquisites.

Colonel Rotton, L.C.C., also supported the payment of actual travelling expenses only. Whenever food had been provided a great scandal had generally arisen. They appeared that day to be divided into "free fooders" and anti-free fooders.

Mr. W. H. Dickinson, L.C.C., in supporting the amendment, said there was a danger of a free



While Miss Sabel was singing in Minneapolis, Mr. Henry Davenport, the cartoonist, made this amusing sketch of two old country people who were enthusiastically appreciative.

luncheon growing from a "moderate" to a "progressive."

Fitzroy Doll was astonished at such quibbling over the expenditure of 2s. 6d. for lunch.

Lord Welby, L.C.C., was zealous for the honour of the new Water Board, and hoped that a strict rule would be made limiting members' expenses to actual travelling.

The amendment was carried by 25 votes to 17.

While taking part in a private fire brigade tournament, promoted by his employers, at Hackney, Rowland Tomsett injured one of his feet and has since died from blood-poisoning. An inquest was held by the City coroner yesterday.

same eminent German doctor who so successfully treated Count Hoyos during his serious illness some months ago is attending Lord Morley, and, although the doctor is unable for a day or two to speak positively, he is nevertheless very sanguine.

Mrs. Chaine is quite recovered from the effects of her accident the other day. She had to bathe her eyes, and by mistake opened a bottle of carbolic acid instead of her lotion. She endured great pain for some time, but happily with no ill effects. To Mrs. Chaine is due the honour of having first introduced Bridge parties to society. Long before Bridge became the craze it is, she used to give parties to play the game at Kensington Palace.

A Surprise.

Appropos of calling on royalty, a royal visit which was almost a social tragedy comes into my mind. It was in Coronation year, in the season, and as everybody will remember with the war just ended, people were taking discharged soldiers and reservists as servants in a great many cases.

The wife of a distinguished officer received an intimation that a certain German Grand Duchess, over for the Coronation, was going to pay her a

"WHITE PICCANINNIES."

Pathetic Song Which Has Reached Thousands of Hearts.

Among recently written songs there is not one which has made such a moving appeal to the heart of the British public as "White Piccaninnies," the composition which is reproduced on pages 1 and 15 of to-day's issue. At concerts and music-halls, in London and the provinces, its plea for the sufferings of our poor, starving children has moved scores of audiences to tears, and induced thousands to subscribe to funds established to alleviate the miseries of the poor little ones.

It was first published in Dr. Barnardo's magazine, when it attracted the attention of Mr. Concorde, of the Concorde Concert Control. That gentleman sent it to Miss May Belfort, the well-known music-hall artist, who sang it at the Palace Theatre. Its success was immediate. The first night it was sung the audience responded to the appeal in the most embarrassing fashion by showering copper and silver on to the stage.

Since then the song has been sung at several concerts in aid of the "Referee" Children's Dinner Fund, and, moved to tears by its pathos, the audiences have always responded heartily to the appeal for contributions.

Since it was sung in London the song has been rendered in all parts of the provinces, both by Miss May Belfort, the original singer, and the "Scarlet Mr. E's," a popular company of concert singers.

All responses to the appeal are paid to the Poor Children's Dinner Fund, and the Academy Pub-

DEVIL DANCERS AT DALY'S.

New Musical Comedy All English.

In going to Ceylon for the locale of the new production at Daly's Theatre Mr. Edwards has broken new ground. To bring the Island of Spices "over the sea the thousand miles" to slightly alter one of the best-known lines of one of England's greatest poets—has been almost a labour of love to all concerned, to Mr. Edwards himself, to Mr. James Tanner, the author of the book; to Mr. Hawes Craven, the painter of the scenery; and to Mr. Percy Anderson, the designer of the costumes.

The play will present the spirit and atmosphere of Ceylon, with its beautiful colouring, its clear atmosphere, and its characteristic people.

In the second act, one of the four episodes which will probably also be one of the most striking and popular features of the whole production, is the "Parahara." This is one of the features of Ceylon life, and one of its most characteristic episodes is furnished by a group of devil dancers which forms the basis of one of the most elaborate and interesting spectacles in the whole piece. A troop of natives, including three or four acrobatic female dancers, have been specially engaged.

The scenery has been idealised to represent not a picture, but an artistic conception of Ceylon.

With regard to the costumes, Mr. Percy Anderson, who has designed them, has been to Ceylon and knows the country well, so that even though they may be modernised to suit the stage effect, there is that element of truth which, on the highest poetical authority, is beauty.

It is worth noting that this Cingalese play is a serious English work by Englishmen, for the music is the work of Mr. Lionel Monckton, a pupil of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and, as many people believe who have heard the music of "Singhalee," his legitimate successor in the art of musical comedy writing.

"REPENTANT SINNER."

Wife's Explanation of Her Alleged "Confession."

Sir F. Jeune and a jury, in the Divorce Division yesterday, resumed the hearing of the case in which Mr. T. Smith, fruiterer, sought a divorce by reason of the alleged adultery of his wife with the co-respondent, Mr. Angelo Andrew Asher, formerly, musical director of the Tivoli Music Hall, against whom damages were claimed.

Witness for petitioner stated that the respondent would cook special things for the co-respondent and take them to his room; at times she was under the influence of drink.

For the defence, the respondent detailed a number of acts of cruelty she alleged against her husband. Ultimately he ordered her to leave the house. She went back and knocked at the private door.

What then happened? My husband came and pushed me out, saying, "That's your place," and slammed the door.

Correspondence which afterwards passed between Mr. and Mrs. Smith was read. One letter she signed "Your wrongly judged wife, Amy," and in his reply petitioner concluded the letter, "Your deceived husband, Tom."

Respondent denied writing the alleged confession. She ultimately signed a paper, but what she wrote was "absolutely untrue."

Cross-examined: She had written to her husband calling herself "a repentant sinner" because she wanted to see her children. In a letter to co-respondent she said if he did not want to answer he was to put "rats" in a corner and return it. (Laughter.)

The further hearing was adjourned.

SLACK TIMES ON 'CHANGE.

Business continues lamentably slack on the Stock Exchange, and with the settlement so near it is not altogether surprising. The news from Paris showed no open wreckage in connection with the settlement, but there is a certain amount of submerged evidence of disaster. At all events they say that six firms were assisted at the settlement, and that numerous clients failed to pay their bills.

For some unexplained reason, perhaps the better news from the Continent, there was a disposition to put Consols higher at settlement. It may have had something to do with talk of Government steps to check municipal borrowings. But the close was very weak. Paris was selling, and there were rumors of financial difficulties nearer home.

Neither in Home nor American Railways was there any feature of interest.

More sensation was afforded by the Canadian group. Here there was talk of trouble in Glasgow, and certainly there was heavy selling of Grand Trunk from the provinces, which affected the senior Preference issues seriously. Moreover, there was the blizzard in the States to take into consideration. At all events speculation for the fall said so, deriving a kind of malicious satisfaction from the news that the blizzard was moving eastwards. Yet Canadian R.R.s did fairly well, for the Canadian Pacific had surprised everybody by showing a traffic increase for last week. At the finish Trunks came out later and proved quite featureless.

It is officially stated that the Harrod's Stores new issue has been over-subscribed.

visit one afternoon. This lady had recently engaged a soldier as butler, and in contemplation of the visit of the Grand Duchess, set to work to coach him as to how to announce her.

Several rehearsals were held; and finally the result was pronounced perfect enough to satisfy the royal lady, who is a great stickler for etiquette.

The fateful afternoon arrived; the lady was sitting in the drawing-room awaiting her guest, when suddenly the butler's head was thrust round the door, and he ejaculated in excited accents, "They're come."

A peal of laughter from behind notified to the horror-struck hostess that her guest had heard their announcement, but happily the Grand Duchess was highly amused, and the visit went off successfully.

A Sympathiser for Mr. Kensit.

Mr. Kensit, who was fined £5 yesterday, will have at least one distinguished sympathiser, in the person of Lady Wimborne, who espoused his cause some time ago with such energy that she was named "Kensitina."

Lady Wimborne is a great lady rather given to taking up "causes." The Free Food League is her pet scheme just now, just as the Ladies' League

used to be. A great political hostess, it was she who first started the fashion of giving a big dinner-party before a ball.

The owner of the celebrated "Hope" ruby, said to be the finest stone of its kind in the world, Lady Wimborne is also possessed of some magnificent ropes of pearls; but all her jewels are superb and very valuable.

Beauty's Birthday.

Sunday is the birthday of Lady Helen Vincent, considered by many people to be the loveliest lady in England. Tall and slim, with a perfect figure and a mass of soft, brown hair, her exquisite complexion is perhaps her chief charm. As children she and her sisters, Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady Ulrica Duncombe, were very strictly brought up, and it is said that they owe their lovely complexions to the fact that pieces of raw veal were tied on to their cheeks every night before they went to bed.

Lady Helen is the wife of Sir Edgar Vincent, and the chaine of Esher Place; but in the winter she spends most of her time in London in order to indulge freely in her favourite amusement—skating at Hengler's.

'SPURS' v. 'BLADES' AT TOTTENHAM.

The Tit-Bit of the F.A. Cup Ties To-day is the Meeting of Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday.

WILL THE 'SPURS' WIN?

They Have a Big Task in Hand This Afternoon.

For this afternoon only, the centre of the Association football universe will be the Tottenham Hotspur Club's by no means classic enclosure near the High-road, Tottenham. On its bare and, of necessity, somewhat muddy pitch will be played a game which has been the talk of football England for nearly a fortnight. Those who are privileged to look on will expend thousands upon thousands of foot-pounds of energy in cheering the contestants, for the duel is to the death—the prize the much-coveted Bob Riband of the sport.

The Tottenham Hotspur Club is, at the moment, the darling of football's Goddess of Fortune. Its team, from being a very mediocre enclosure in the early part of the season, has developed into a machine of great strength and formidability. The players have passed through two great ordeals with colours flying and bands playing, and now they are called upon to face a third this afternoon in the shape of Sheffield Wednesday.

Skill and Endurance.

Wednesday and Hotspur have reached their present forward position in this season's competition for the national trophy—a by no means handsome emblem—by the exercise of those qualities of skill and endurance which have made the sport so popular. The 'Spurs' gave a foretaste of their abilities when they defeated Everton at Everton in the first stage of the competition. This was certainly by far the cleverest and most impressive performance of the round.

The victory gave the Londoners courage to face a much stiffer ordeal in Aston Villa, whom fortune decreed should be their second-round opponents. One need say nothing here of the fiasco which compelled the teams to play the match at Birmingham instead of at Tottenham. Fate frowned on the 'Spurs' but for a moment, however, for the spoils of victory were earned, and well earned, on the ground of their opponents at the second attempt.

Sheffield Wednesday had to get rid of Plymouth Argyle and Manchester United ere they earned the right to meet the 'Spurs' to-day. The first obstacle was the more difficult, for two games had to be played before Sheffield prevailed.

It is largely because of the closeness of Wednesday's fight with the south coast team that supporters of the 'Spurs' feel confident of the result this afternoon, for the London team won a League match at Plymouth not so very long ago. Manchester United proved easy game for the Wednesday players in the second round, and we are brought face to face with to-day's great struggle.

Ground Arrangements.

Profiting by their experiences of a fortnight ago the directors of the Hotspur Club have made most elaborate preparations for the match. They have surrounded their playing field with an iron fence 4ft. 9in. high, and have strengthened their barriers and erected additional pay-boxes; indeed, they have done everything that could possibly be thought of to bring the match to a successful conclusion. Admission will only be by ticket, which must be obtained at one of the new pay-boxes in the vicinity of the ground.

As soon as the enclosure is full the gates will be closed. They will be opened at noon. A force of 100 police—some of them mounted—will keep order. Altogether the chance of a breakdown seems very remote.

The Hotspur players have been in training at Leigh-on-Sea, near Southend, during the week, and they are, with one exception, reported to be fit and well. Morris, the right half-back, is somewhat indisposed, and may not play, but an efficient substitute can easily be found.

Sheffield Wednesday, who have trained at home, will not arrive in town until this morning. They will bring a very large following, so that the Yorkshire burs should mingle freely with the Cockney cackle in the neighbourhood of Tottenham this afternoon.

A list of the other important matches for the day will be found elsewhere.

TO-DAY'S FIXTURES.

ASSOCIATION.

F. A. CUP COMPETITION—Third Round.

Sheffield United v. Bolton Wanderers.
Tottenham Hotspur v. Sheffield Wednesday.
Derby County v. Reading.
Manchester City v. Middlesbrough.

SHERIFF OF LONDON CHARITY SHIELD.

Corinthians v. Bury.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE I.

Small Heath v. Sunderland.
West Bromwich Albion v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.
Stoke v. Notts Forest.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE II.

Grimsby Town v. Gainsborough Trinity.
Burnley v. Bristol City.
Barnsley v. Burnley Port Vale.
Leicester Fosse v. Blackpool.
Preston North End v. Blackpool.
Lincoln City v. Walsley Arsenal.
Preston North End v. Burton United.
Stockport County v. Walsley Arsenal.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Wellingborough v. Southampton.
Reading v. Fulham.
Plymouth Argyle v. Millwall.
Brentford v. West Ham United.
Queens Park Rangers v. Swindon.
Portsmouth v. Luton.
Brighton and Hove Albion v. New Brompton.
Bristol Rovers v. Reading.

Division II.

Chesham v. Portsmouth Reserves.
Fulham Reserves v. Reading Reserves.
Swindon Reserves v. Southampton Reserves.
Wycombe Wanderers v. Watford.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Partick v. Airdrieonians.
Hibernian v. Kilmarnock.

SCOTTISH CUP COMPETITION.

Celtic v. Dundee.
Glasgow Rangers v. Greenock Morton.

LONDON LEAGUE—Division I.

West Ham v. Brentford.
Millwall v. Clapton Orient.
Woolwich Arsenal v. 1st Grenadier Guards.

Division II.

Enfield v. Child's Hill Imperial.
Woolwich Polytechnic v. G.W.R.
Clapton Orient v. Wembley.
Hendon v. Bognor Athletic.
Walthamstow Town v. Hanwell.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

St. Albans v. Hitchin.
Grays v. Chesham Generals.
New Brompton Reserves v. Brighton and Hove Reserves.

AMATEUR CUP COMPETITION.

Norwich City v. Ealing.
Whiteheads v. Chesham.

KENT LEAGUE.

Chatham v. Ashford.
Maidstone v. New Brompton Amateurs.

SOUTHERN SUBURBAN LEAGUE.

Wingfield House v. Dulwich.
Moseley v. Wandsworth.

SOUTH ESSEX LEAGUE.

South West Ham v. Romford.
Grays Town v. Ilford Alliance.
Moseley v. Wandsworth.

ESSEX SENIOR CUP—Semi-final.

Ilford v. Harlow and Parkston, at Chelmsford.

MIDDLESEX SENIOR CUP.

Richmond Assoc. v. West Hampstead, at Shepherd's Bush.
Civil Service v. Shepherd's Bush, at Ealing.

RUGBY.

Leicester v. Gloucester.
Newport v. Swansea.
Llanelli v. Manchester.
Rugby v. Roselynn Park.

Edinburgh University v. Edinburgh Academical.
Oxford University v. West of Scotland.
Leamington v. Kensington.
Sole v. Birkenhead Park.
Llanelli v. Aberystwyth.
Chesham v. Bristol.

South v. Cardiff.
New Brighton v. Liverpool.
Richmond v. Llanelli.

Blackheath v. London Scottish.
Blackheath v. London Scottish.
Blackheath v. London Scottish.

All matches on ground of first-named club.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

SANDOWN PARK.

1.45—OPEN HURDLE RACE of 100 yards; second receives 5 sovs. Two miles. **ys at 10**

Mr. T. L. Smith's Gift **McArdal** 11 7

Mr. H. Bonas's A.N.R. **Gore** 11 7

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THE BATTLE OF DUNBOYNE.

Not a Day for Sunny South at Sandown Park.

Ladies are always conspicuous spectators at the Grand Military Meetings; and, although the weather yesterday remained dull, it not so damp as on Thursday, fair friends of members of the club were in plentiful evidence. The general public also filled the trains from the terminus, and assisted in keeping the poor book-makers in cigars, for winners were most difficult to find, and, as usual, some of the riding left much to be desired.

Mr. Bottomley won the first race on Thursday, and sought to repeat the victory with Sunny South in the Coombe Hurdle Race, but failed, the Afriston candidate battering until six furlongs from home, when he tired—and retired. Colourless, second best to Gipsy's Warning at Folkestone, took up the running in the straight and Kitty Jay, who had been in the train from last until reaching the hill, made an extraordinary amount of ground; but young Nightingall, on the Epsom horse, fought for the other step-ladder in the end.

Most Haste, Less Speed.

Monksilver's rider, Mr. Whitaker, made too much use of his mount after a blunder on the far side. He sent the favourite to the front six furlongs from home, but the effort could not be sustained, and Karmak, well ridden by Mr. King, won the Selling Steeplechase.

Captain Collis had bad luck at the meeting, and failed to carry off the Grand Military Gold Cup for the second time. The owner of Thracian lost his stirrups at the fence below the stand the first time round, but after several struggles succeeded in recovering the reins. His mount, however, fell at the fence turning out of the straight. Prince Talleyrand looked all over the winner until reaching the last fence, when Dunboyne challenged, and, although swerving to the right, gained the victory easily. Dunboyne's crossing was gone into after the Sandown Maiden Hurdle Race, and, as expected, overruled.

Flat races of renown competed for the Maiden Hurdle Race, including Vindale, winner of the Chester Cup, and the Suffolk winner of the Royal Hunt Cup. Vindale was probably unlucky to fall in attempting to get through between the last two hurdles, but Clow II. Epsom horse, fought for the other step-ladder in the end.

A Start for the Starter.

Captain Collis's luck was dead out, and Questionable fell at the water when competing for the Past and Present Steeplechase, in which he had started favourite. Mark IV. and Noble Lass came down, so Mr. Whitaker was enabled to make up for the defeat of Monksilver, by getting home with Minor Dail, who belongs to Mr. Hugh Owen, official starter to the Jockey Club.

Captain Collis tried again in the Maiden Steeplechase, in which the favourite, Falconer, fell. Lord Grosvenor, making assistance doubly sure, came right away in the straight, and won with Geoff in a canter, to the great delight of his numerous friends.

Littleton cannot be trained for Lincoln, and has been sent to the Lincolnshire Cup. He is a good front, and Uninsured is declining for the present. The 'son of the Crag' falls from the stable that has already won the Lincolnshire Cup. He is a good front, and Uninsured is declining for the present. The 'son of the Crag' falls from the stable that has already won the Lincolnshire Cup.

FANCIES FOR TO-DAY.

SANDOWN PARK.

1.45—Open Hurdle—Honeycomb.

2.15—Selling Steeplechase—Karmak.

2.45—March Open Hurdle—Cheriton Belle.

3.15—Grand Military Steeplechase—Autumn.

3.45—United Service Steeplechase—Hindus Love.

4.15—Tally Ho Steeplechase—Carnegie.

THE ARROW.

LONDON BETTING.

(Run Tuesday, March 22. Distance, one mile.)

100 to 8 agst. Corrier, 4yrs, 6st 6lb (t and o). **Lezch**

100 to 8 — Uninsured, 4yrs, 6st 6lb (t and o). **Blackwell**

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LAST HOPE OF THE SOUTH.

Character Sketches of the Hotspur Eleven.

Tottenham Hotspur, who have to meet Sheffield Wednesday in the third round proper, are the last of the Southern clubs to figure in the competition. They are the final 'Hope of the South,' but as winners of the Cup three years ago they fully merit all the reliance that has been placed upon them.

The 'Spurs' still have eight players of the team that defeated Sheffield United in the final at Bolton, and six of them will take the field against the other Sheffield club. They are Tait, Morris, Hughes, Jones (J. L.), Copeland, and Kirwan. Of course, Johnny Cameron is still at Tottenham, but he is seldom seen in harness now. As secretary one of the richest clubs in the land he has little time for playing.

Vivian Woodward, the most noted personality just now in the 'Spurs' team has a wonderful control of the ball, dribbles with great delicacy, and is unselfish to a fault. In appearance he is a sturdy black and white, his pale countenance mounted by a dark hair, and a strong, well-set jaw which is not revealed in his play, however. He is very popular, and at the summer game keeps a very good wicket.

Goal and Gale.

A very good man under the bar is Charlie Williams. Nearly a decade ago he played for the Arsenal, and then he gained polish in First League circles with Manchester City. He is very smart with his hands, and has a powerful goal kick. He possesses the unique record of once scoring a goal against Doig at Sunderland with a punt that sent the ball the whole length of the field. A gale was raging at the time, which perhaps accounts for the feat.

The two Hotspur backs are a splendid pair. Tait is the veteran of the team, and a canny Scotsman who does not believe in passing back to his goalkeeper. He did that once in a Cup-tie against Southampton, and it cost his side the victory. "Sandy" is a hard, tough worker, and sticks to the opposing forward like a

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words (1d. each) per advertisement. Advertisements if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

PAINTING, Whitewashing, Paperhanging wanted; low charges.—Decorators, 9, Geo-street, Goswell-road.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

General Servants.

GENERAL (good) wanted, who can do plain cooking; another kept; small family; good character indispensable.—Apply Mr. H. B. Smith, 10, St. James's Place, London.

GENERAL (good) wanted, who can do plain cooking; home—193, Sunnyside-road, West Hampstead.

GENERAL wanted; good plain-cooking; comfortable home; must have good reference.—Ward, 39, Bucklebury, Kilburn, N.W.

Parlourmaid.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID (experienced) wanted at once; 10 to 20-25; 3 in family; wages £15-16.—Summer-croft, River-road, Taplow.

Miscellaneous.

APPROPRIATE used—Antique Teeth by Instalments Institute, 48, Edgware-road, over Optician.

Evening Employment; addressing envelopes and nominating other addresses.—For terms send addressed envelope North, Department 29, York-buildings, Adelphi, London.

LADY Interviewers wanted to introduce to householders high-class Table Linens.—Apply fully, by letter, to existing experience, salary required, and references, to Mr. E. M. King, 100, New Church-road, Camberwell, London.

PERSONS wanted, either sex, for cutting paper stencils at home.—Addressed envelope to Mr. J. H. King, 100, New Church-road, Camberwell, London.

SOULERY-MAID (good) wanted at once; chef and kitchen-maid; good wages £18; town and country.—Write Y, 100, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

ADVANCES: £10 and upwards.—Apply by letter Mr. Bridge, 10, Broadway, Woking.

ARTIST seeks Partner to finance; assured commercial and artistic; under capital £500.—Daily Illustrated Mirror, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

GENTLEMAN negotiating loans, seeks private Capitalists.—Write fully 707, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

LADY or Gentleman required to join advertiser, civil engineer, as sleeping partner.—Write 967, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; any distance; repay by 10 p. cent. Gold, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

6 PER CENT. INTEREST.—Opportunity exists to purchase at 10 p. cent. a few 6 per cent. Preference shares in established trading company, doing cash stores business.—Address Stores 1156, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GARDENING.

CLIFF, the "Rose King," for beautiful Roses; hundreds testimonials; 12 choice varieties, named, 3s.; 3 hardy ramblers, 5 colours, 1s. 6d. per catalogue free.—Cliff, St. Nicholas, London.

MOST Eastern English Nursery, staff healthy, constant; Forest, Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Roses, hardy and greenhouse Plants, any variety, any quantity, low estimates; large descriptive catalogue of cheap offers post free.—E. Gay, Cowton Nurseries, Lowestoft.

SHILLING'S Seeds are best for amateurs and gardeners because they produce the very finest flowers and vegetables that can be grown; new catalogue and sample packet of seed sent gratis and post free.—Write C. R. Shilling, Seed Grower, Wincoburn, Hants.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A LADY wishes to sell lovely 56-guinea, upright, iron brand drawing room Piano; full trichord, on massive brass sounding plate; fitted with grand repeater check system; handsome, modern case, with carved pillars; nearly new; maker's 20 years' warranty; transferable; take 15 guineas; approval willing.—G. 231, Burdett-road, Bow, London, E.

PIANO; check action, iron trichord; maker W. Dodson, from Collards; scarcely used; must sell.—Maise, 85, Liverpool-road, Islington, near Angel.

HOUSES TO LET, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

CHROMER.—Residence to be let; 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, no view; J. J. Limer, House and Estate Agency Office, Chromer, Sheringham, 25 Mundesley.

FURNISHED, 105, week, till July 8; gardens; or unfurnished £18, furniture £200; 8 rooms.—The Nest, Holme Hale, Thelford, Norfolk.

FLATS TO LET AND WANTED.

FLAT; 4 rooms; bath; very convenient; near station; 11s.—100, Keelake-road, Kensal Rise, N.W.

FLATS; self-contained; bathroom; high position; near three stations; from two months.—Apply Caretaker, Honor Oak-mansions, Underhill-road, East Dulwich.

MODERN FLATS, 3 rooms, kitchen and scullery, bath (2 and 3); close G.E.M. and N.E.B.; 14 minutes City; 4d. rent; bus and tram; inclining from 13s. 6d. weekly; separate wash-houses; large garden entrance.—Housekeeper, Clarence-garden, Clarence-road, Hackney, N.E.

BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

BOARD-RESIDENCE wanted with lady experienced in strict figure-training, department.—Write terms and experience to A. H. Parker, care of Randall, 168, High Holborn, W.C.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

HASTINGS.—Comfortable Apartments; good cooking and attendance; moderate terms.—33, St. Mary's-terrace.

EDUCATIONAL.

HOME offered several children (girls), to educate with country tutor's family; grounds; large house, grounds; healthy cows kept; terms moderate.—Jones, Salford, Fakenham, Norfolk.

PUPIL required; facial massage and manicure; premium; references.—Madame, 57, Sandgate-road, Folkestone.

STAMMERING, Lipping.—Former sufferer desires Pupils.—Letters, Speech, 6, Birch-lane, London.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

JACK.—Splendid Irish Terrier Dog; age 2 years; perfect habits; 2 guineas.—52, Foxbourne-road, Balham.

LOVELY crimson-breasted Bullfinch; pipes sweetly; 3s.—Topsy, 4, Hill-street, Salford.

SCOTCH or Aberdeen Terriers.—Pups, 2, 3 guineas; adults, 3, 4 guineas.—Major Richardson, F.Z.S., Carnoustie, Scotland.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

BRIGHTON.—Boarding-House close to West Pier; £250; a bargain; others all prices; also Apartment-Houses.—Francis, Valuer, 5, Marine-gate, Brighton.

FOLKESTONE.—For immediate disposal, high-class Apartment or Boarding-House, handsomely furnished; perfect connection; facing sea; private gardens.—Further particulars see, Norman Library, Folkestone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHARMING Completion produced immediately on application of Room Completion Wash, a 2d. bottle for 1s. 6d. p.p.; for 14 days only.—Rosenbaum Toilet Company, 10, Norfolk-street, New-road, Rotherhithe.

A CHICKEN-HATCHING MARVEL.—For 2s. 6d. the Texas Egg Hatcher and Heater combined supercedes all incubators, hatches above and rears little ones below simultaneously all the year round; a money-making industry, requiring neither capital nor labour; turns 1d. eggs into valuable chickens or ducklings; millions selling in America, 15-24g. 10s. 2s. 6d.; 30s. 5s., complete for use. Address: American Poultry Syndicate, Room 128, 7, Albion-grove, Stoke Newington, London, N. Illustrated list, 1d. stamp.

BEAUTIFUL "Moustache" grown in few days with "Waiting's" Moustache send 6d. stamps for box to James Westing, 112, Wardour-street, London.

BOUSSES made; ladies' materials; 2s.; highly recommended; particulars free.—Miss Course, Rushden.

BRIDGE.—Ladies at private residences; terms moderate.—Write Madame, 161, Cromwell-road, S.W.

BUNION Ointment cures tender feet, corns, chilblains; 14 stamps.—Chilpistol, 85, Regent-street, S.W.

CASH Prizes for returning "B. W. N." four bags; 1d. each; 2s. 6d. each; 3s. 6d. each; 4s. 6d. each; 5s. 6d. each; 6s. 6d. each; 7s. 6d. each; 8s. 6d. each; 9s. 6d. each; 10s. 6d. each; 11s. 6d. each; 12s. 6d. each; 13s. 6d. each; 14s. 6d. each; 15s. 6d. each; 16s. 6d. each; 17s. 6d. each; 18s. 6d. each; 19s. 6d. each; 20s. 6d. each; 21s. 6d. each; 22s. 6d. each; 23s. 6d. each; 24s. 6d. each; 25s. 6d. each; 26s. 6d. each; 27s. 6d. each; 28s. 6d. each; 29s. 6d. each; 30s. 6d. each; 31s. 6d. each; 32s. 6d. each; 33s. 6d. each; 34s. 6d. each; 35s. 6d. each; 36s. 6d. each; 37s. 6d. each; 38s. 6d. each; 39s. 6d. each; 40s. 6d. each; 41s. 6d. each; 42s. 6d. each; 43s. 6d. each; 44s. 6d. each; 45s. 6d. each; 46s. 6d. each; 47s. 6d. each; 48s. 6d. each; 49s. 6d. each; 50s. 6d. each; 51s. 6d. each; 52s. 6d. each; 53s. 6d. each; 54s. 6d. each; 55s. 6d. each; 56s. 6d. each; 57s. 6d. each; 58s. 6d. each; 59s. 6d. each; 60s. 6d. each; 61s. 6d. each; 62s. 6d. each; 63s. 6d. each; 64s. 6d. each; 65s. 6d. each; 66s. 6d. each; 67s. 6d. each; 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